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ALICE IN POSTERLAND

Sea-lion's share

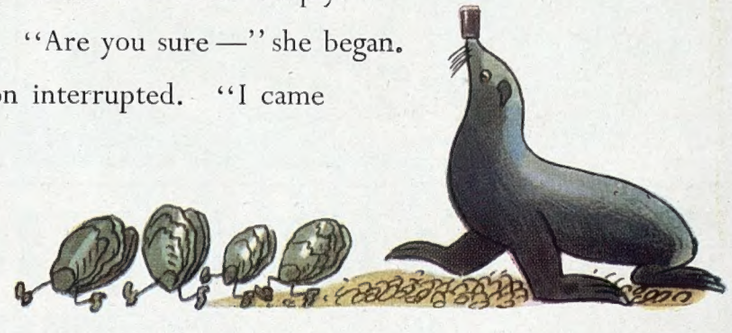
"I'm going to get some oysters," said the Sea-lion. "I'll carry the Guinness. You can carry the gun."

"I know there's nothing like a Guinness with oysters, of course," said Alice, "but what's the gun for?"

"To shell the oysters with, naturally," said the Sea-lion sharply.

Poor Alice felt dreadfully confused. "Are you sure—" she began.

"Of course I'm ashore," the Sea-lion interrupted. "I came ashore on porpoise, to get the Guinness."



Volume CXCVI No. 2557 The SPHERE, London, February 5, 1949

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE GUIZER JARL—MR. LAWRENCE JOHNSON, A SHETLAND SCHOOLMASTER, WHO FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT RULED AS HIGH PRIEST AND LORD OF THE ISLANDS AT THE UP-HELLY-A' FESTIVAL WHICH HAS JUST BEEN REVIVED AT LERWICK: The Scottish-Scandinavian celebrations, which have their origin in the old Norse Yule Tide Feast, have not been held in the Shetland capital since 1939. Over 600 Guizers took part on this occasion

Four hundred and eighty years ago the Shetlands, like the Orkneys, were subject to the Scandinavian Crown. Shetland—the Ultima Thule of the ancients—is still markedly Norse in many of its characteristics, and it has bequeathed many words to the Shetland dialect. The celebrated Up-Helly-A' Festival, just revived in Lerwick after a gap of ten years, is essentially Viking in origin. It marked the return of the sun-god and the gradual rolling back of the long winter nights with the promise of the advent of spring. Feasting, drinking and sacrificial rites were in olden times the highlights of the Festival, and if to-day it takes a less pagan form, it is hardly less spectacular than in the past, culminating as it does in the burning of the long ship by night. In this picture, the Guizer Jarl, Mr. Lawrence Johnson, is seen standing in the long ship during one of the ceremonies preceding "the ship's consignment to Valhalla." (Further pictures of the Up-Helly-A' Festival will be found on page 180 of this issue)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Western Union.—It is fair to say, with modest optimism, that practical Western Union was brought a little nearer by a communiqué of January 28. The Brussels Powers agreed on the basis of a Constitution—a Council of Ministers in secret sessions and a Consultative Assembly. The Council to prepare a practicable agenda for the Assembly to examine with a view to recommending executive action. The idea is a compromise between French and British views and implies that the Assembly's agenda will at least be confined to matters on which unanimity may be possible. It is only a trial balloon and even the details of voting and representation are still undecided. Equally vague is the new Constitution's position in the wider field of the Atlantic *bloc*. Is it of it, in it, or in addition to it as a world force for peace? And where does the British Empire come in, and, for that matter, the U.S.A.? Our hopes from the new Constitution are in the future; success or failure depend, first on details of its working, and second on practical experience of its working. The League of Nations and U.N.O. have taught us to acknowledge ruefully that it is one thing to draw a blue-print of a beautiful, model engine; and quite another to make the wheels turn smoothly when there is a chance of grit or spanners flying about. Still, it is something . . .

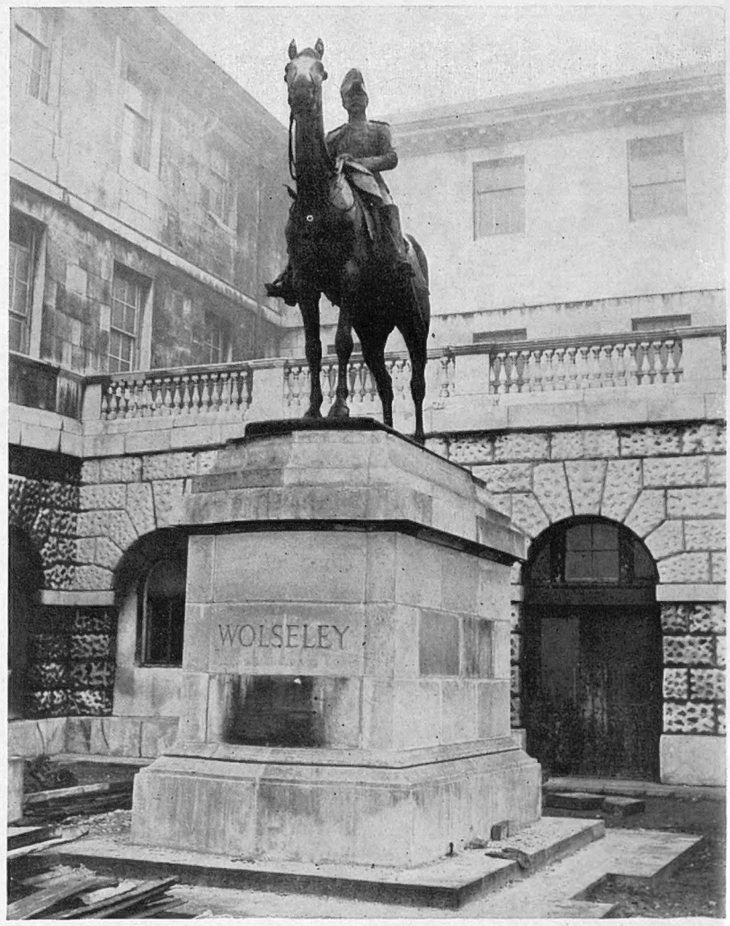
Communism in the Far East.—General MacArthur, who ought to know, expressed his great satisfaction over the Japanese elections which, at a critical moment in Asiatic history, had given "so clear and decisive a mandate for the conservative philosophy of government." Certainly the Liberal Party under Mr. Yoshida nearly doubled their seats at the expense of the moderate parties. At the same time, everything (good or bad) must have a beginning, and the Communists, who held but four seats in the Lower House before this election, have no reason for depression in having multiplied their representation eight times! In England, the Conservatives would not be satisfied if they did ditto in the next General Election. In China, Communism has apparently nothing to stop it in any part of that vast, sprawling, dislocated civilisation. Half the world, it would seem, is to-day impregnably, unalterably Communist. It is odd to observe how little faith the nations of the world to-day place in middle courses and parties of moderation. Only extremes will do.

Lynskey Findings.—I would rather read through the twelve volumes of sermons by eighteenth-century divines (bound in calf) which still form part of my library, than the evidence of the Church House Inquiry. As for the report, my comments shall be short and not original. For I wholeheartedly agree with the final paragraph of *The Times*' admirable leader of January 26. 1. *A Minister and his friends.*—"A lack of *fastidiousness* in the private friendships of eminent men must react adversely upon the quality of private life." I would carry that a little farther. Few men in politics to-day can expect to be "eminent" for long. A Prime Minister (even Addington or Grafton) is remembered in history. But who remembers (say) a Home Secretary (unless he does some freakish or memorable thing) ten years after he quits office? A Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade can hardly claim to be to-day or to-morrow (or yesterday) an "eminent" man—any public servant, howsoever insignificant, must be fastidious in his choice of friends. 2. "*Contact*" *men* or interpreters of ordinarily unintelligible official regulations have become a recognised class. These guides, reputable or otherwise, steer the citizen through the complex apparatus of licences, permits, allocations and taxations. The realisation that not two men in ten who pay super-tax have the time or the intelligence to understand the principles under which they pay taxes, but must employ a chartered accountant to prevent them cheating themselves or the State, throws a far more damaging light on the frailty and futility of modern Government than the fact that an obscure understrapper in public life, here or there has chosen his friends without fastidiousness. I wonder if Sir Stafford Cripps will take this conclusion to heart. No other Chancellor has done so. For the rest, there is nothing new in the existence and the methods of an underworld on the fringe of reputable business. Its sickening technique is as old as the South Sea Bubble.

Backwards and Forwards.—I read the other day of a ship carrying several hundred emigrants from England to Australia crossing a ship returning to England with 150 emigrants who, after a short trial of Australia, had found neither work nor homes, and had given up in despair after a few months, and even weeks. In M. Poirot's familiar phrase: "There is something here I do not understand." Passages to Australasia are not easy to secure. It may take an ordinary traveller six years to secure a berth to New Zealand. How then can emigration be so lightly undertaken, so cruelly haphazard in organisation at both ends? Do our people go out *blind*, on the chance of finding a job and a home? And if they fail, who pays their passages back? Is there no guarantee on any side, from Australia to find the work and accommodation, from England to send the suitable, resolute family adequately provided, from the emigrant to remain at least for a matter of months? If the news I read was true, it is sheer futility and worse. It helps to make us a laughing-stock—with our prating of a planned economy.

Morrison at Peckham.—His Party still think Mr. Morrison a shrewd Party strategist, and he is vigorously taking the field to prepare for a sudden election (which I doubt) and to counter the Church House Report reaction. In inviting Peckham to beware of Tory promises and propaganda, he mixed his metaphors with vitriol. "Beware! The hand that beckons is dead. Beneath the disguise will be the same flint heart, sly, callous and lazy." Perhaps Mr. Morrison knows his Peckham and takes a jaundiced view of its knowledge of history and its common sense. If it be not so, I should have thought his adjectives oddly chosen, especially so soon after the Lynskey Report. "Lazy" one might accept as inevitable. It might apply to any pre-war Government. "Callous" could be excused as legitimate invective for encouraging class-hatred. But "sly"? That does not sound convincing, as branding with the rest of the older-Party Ministers of the past, the Houses of Cecil and Stanley (for example), who for so long played a hereditary role in Government, and may do so again to the general relief of many who read the Church House Report. But Mr. Morrison has certainly given us a hint of the intellectual level at which the next General Election will be conducted by the Socialists. And the prospect is depressing.

The White King.—Historians need a long time to arrive at a definitive judgment of a notable political event or of the actions of a famous man. It is unwise to attempt it for a generation at least. Sometimes three centuries are not long enough. So with Charles I of blessed but doubtful memory. Myself, I am glad that the Stuart dynasty came to an end in the seventeenth century. Perhaps I am biased, as a descendant of John Pym, in my view of the tragedy of January 30, 1649. The White King was a good and virtuous man, but he had the failings of his race: he was too easily led by bad counsellors, and if he never betrayed his conscience of what was his sovereign right, his notion of the "liberties" of King and country, he betrayed his friends and did not play straight with his opponents. He forced his own judicial murder on a reluctant Parliamentary opposition. His murder shocked the country, the Parliament men and the world, and proved the undoing of Cromwell and his régime. *But*, when the Stuart monarchy came back, it was not the monarchy of Charles I; rather it was the Constitutional monarchy of King George VI, in its infancy, and that form had been due since Elizabeth's death, at earliest. To that extent, Cromwell, Pym and the other Puritan protagonists, were justified in the end, but never in the means. This tricentenary of a famous tragedy drives home a modern lesson. The middle way is the right way. There is neither black nor white, though all the world to-day refuses to accept grey or piebald and rushes to one or t'other extreme. Compromise is wisdom, not weakness.



"SIR GARNET'S" RETURN—THE VICTOR OF TEL-EL-KEBIR ONCE AGAIN REINSTATED ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE: The celebrated equestrian statue of Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, which was removed for safe-keeping to Berkhamsted in 1939, has now been brought back from the countryside and re-erected in the heart of London. Wolseley, one of our greatest commanders in the second half of the nineteenth century, entered the Army in 1832, and saw service in the Burmese War, the Crimean War and the China expedition of 1860. He commanded the Red River expedition to Canada in 1870, suppressing the insurrection of Louis Riel. Four years later his success in the Ashanti campaign, when he completely subdued the country, won him further recognition, and his crowning triumph came in Egypt, when in 1882 he defeated Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir. Wolseley's last active service was in the Nile Expedition, when he went to the relief of General Gordon. He died in 1913

A Court Physician.—Sir Frederic Willans, whose death was recently announced, spent almost all his active life in general practice at Sandringham. He was of a hierarchy of Court physicians, having married the daughter of a previous Surgeon-Apothecary to the Sandringham Household. For King George V, whom he attended almost to the last hours of the King's life, he had an admiration "this side adolatry." He described the King as "an adorable person," whose characteristic explosions and frank speech positively endeared him to those who felt the blast. "Willans, I 'm not taking any more of your blasted muck" was one of the last examples of his master's and patient's explosions in the doctor's happy memories of his beloved sovereign. It was Willans who lent the King the last book he tried to read—Street's *Country Calendar*. British sovereigns have invariably recognised the debt they owed to their own chosen doctors, and the hierarchy of Court physicians has always received signal recognition. And few professions deserve it more.

"The Thing They Love."—There are times when I wonder if "the public" of post-war England deserves the enormous energy and out-pouring of money devoted to its welfare and betterment and amenity; times when I feel that all that output should for a generation to come be spent on education alone. All over the country benefactors bequeath or hand over to the public tracts of beautiful scenery which local committees of the National Trust endeavour to maintain, not always with much local support. I am a member of one such local committee, and hardly a meeting takes place but it discloses some new example of pillage or vandalism. Collecting-boxes for the Trust are broken open with crowbars as fast as they are set up in cement; presentation seats, often beautifully designed to the memory of some dead person, are mutilated, not with penknives but often with axes. It is as if a race of baboons ran wild in this nation of ours. What havoc (one sees it and says it again and again) can a tiny, active minority cause in a community too large to organise itself, too tired to resist aggression. Quite seriously, the time has come for the invention of a modern equivalent of the old death-dealing treasure chest, perhaps an electrical device within a collecting-box which will operate an alarm-bell or a less-than-mortal shock. Will some inventor get busy and advise me when he has a model?

THE OLD STAGER

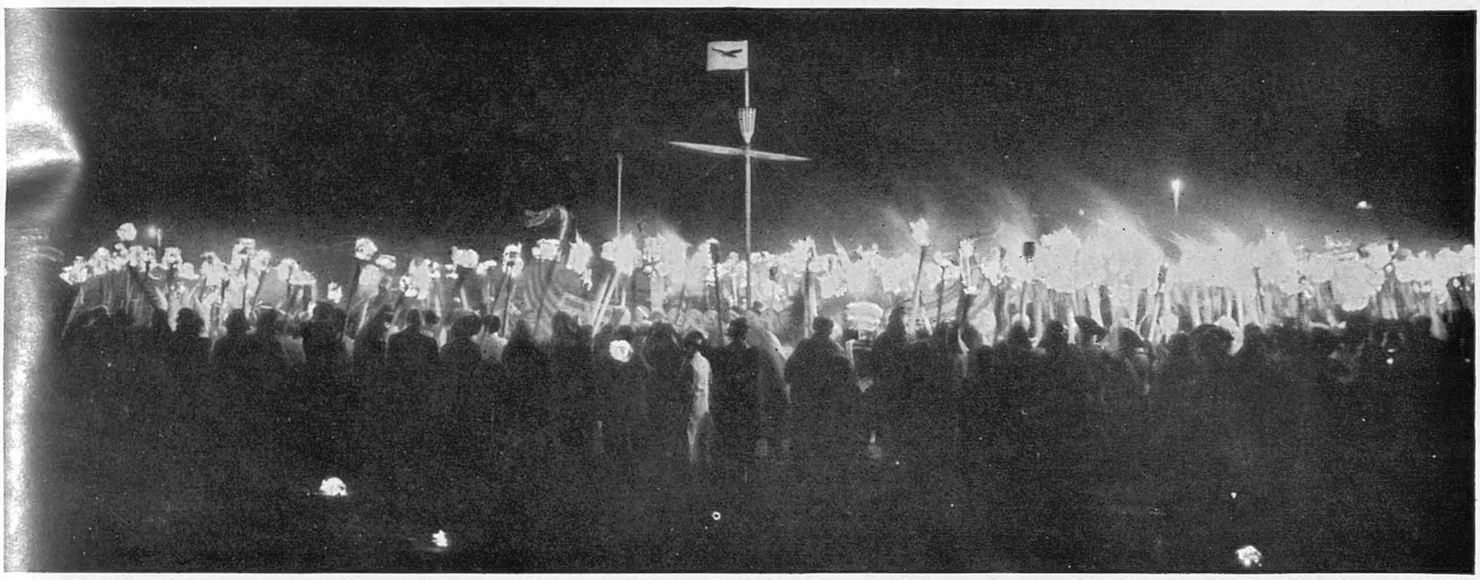
LERWICK BURNS THE LONG SHIP

Reviving the Annual Norse Festival of Up-Helly-A' in the Shetlands

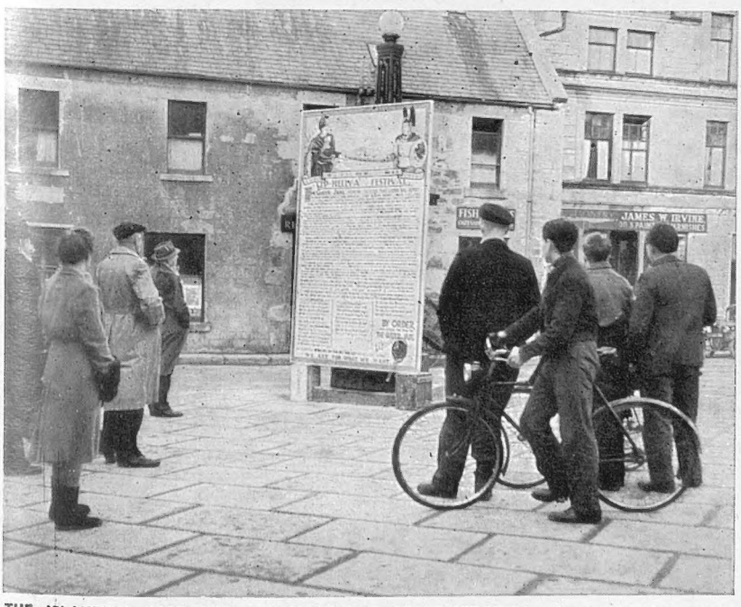
THE GUIZER JARL AND HIS VIKING FOLLOWERS STAND IN THE LONG SHIP: The Viking ship, specially constructed for the annual festival of Up-Helly-A', figure prominently in the ceremonies, and at the climax of the festival it is burnt out by the guizers, who stand round with flaming torches. The Guizer Jarl this year was Mr. Lawrence Johnson, who is seen, axe and shield in hand, standing in the stern of the ship. For stability purposes the frail long ship was mounted on a barge

The abstruse, once-pagan rites of the Shetland islanders are not easily explained, but it is known that their origin lay in the welcoming back of the Sun God, in the approach to spring, and that, in essence, is what they mean to-day. For this year's Festival, the first after a lapse of ten years, there was special interest, no fewer than 600 local inhabitants marshalling themselves under the Guizer Jarl; and thousands of spectators, including many visitors from southern Scotland, watched the scene as the guizers, each carrying a 6-ft. torch, marched and counter-marched singing the old Norse songs as they went. It was a truly dramatic moment as they finally hurled their torches into the long ship, consigning the vessel to Valhalla.

After the bonfire, dancing and feasting continued throughout the night in a dozen halls and hotels in Lerwick

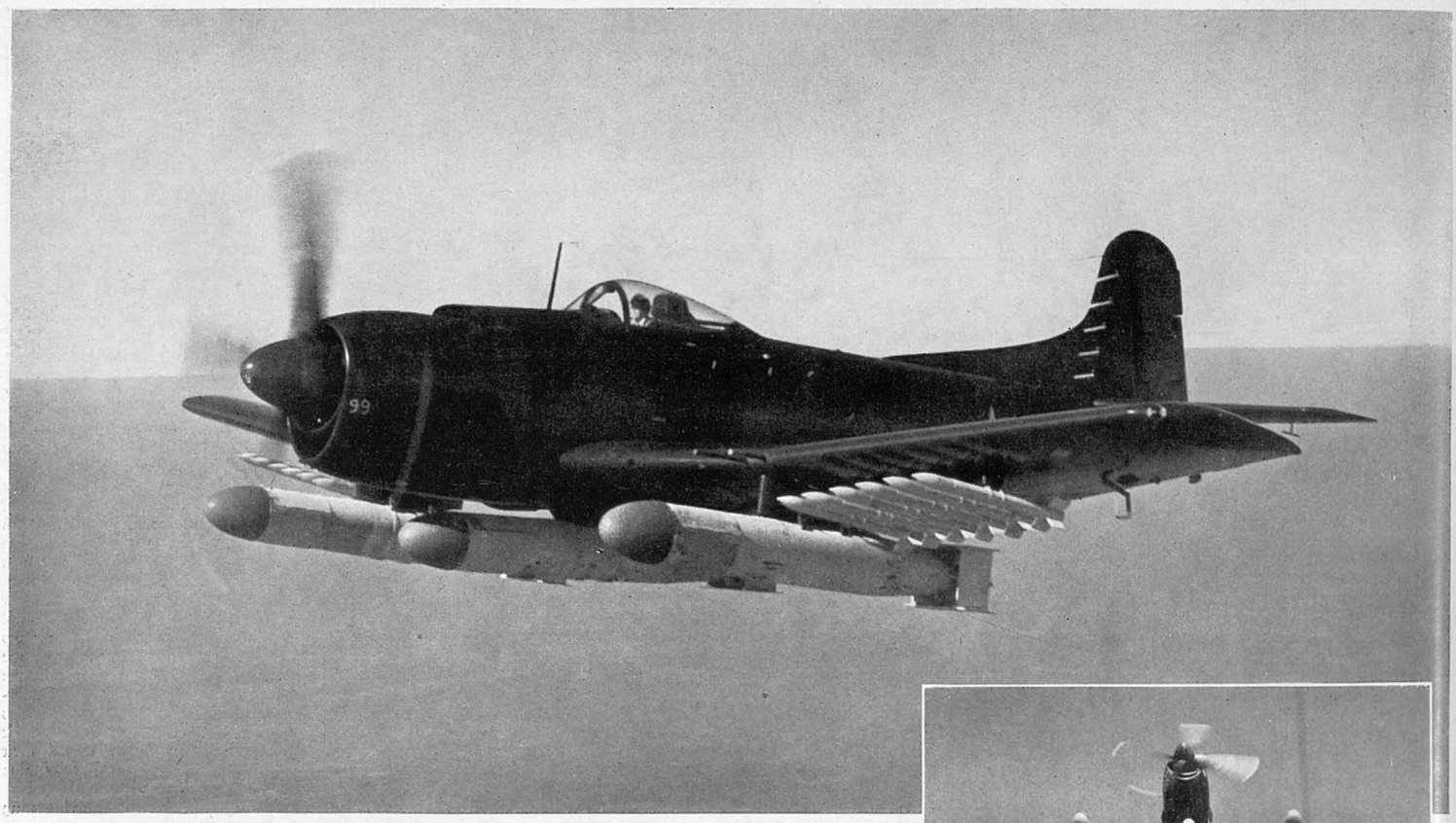


THE PROCESSION OF GUIZERS WITH THEIR FLAMING TORCHES ESCORTING THE LONG SHIP TO THE SPOT WHERE IT WILL BE BURNT AND SO CONSIGNED TO VALHALLA: This is the climax of the Up-Helly-A' Festival. A few minutes after the picture was taken the long ship was blazing from end to end



THE ISLANDERS READ THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF UP-HELLY-A': Posted in the streets of Lerwick were the instructions of the Guizer Jarl for the assembly of the Guizers. This year there was a record total of fifty squads, numbering 600 guizers, all of whom took part in the ceremonial burning of the galley. At the foot of the announcement are the words: "We axe for what we want"

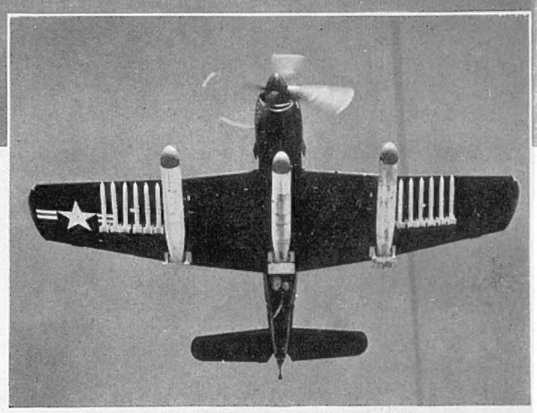
THE GUIZERS GIVE THREE CHEERS FOR THEIR HOSTS: The gaily-clad guizers in one of the dance halls of Lerwick where the celebrations continued after the burning of the galley. The caption accompanying this picture states that these guizers were dressed as "Peruvian gillis," a fact which the Sassenach may find it hard to reconcile with the pagan rites of the Up-Helly-A' Festival. The dance halls of Lerwick were thronged throughout the night, dancing continuing into the early hours of the morning



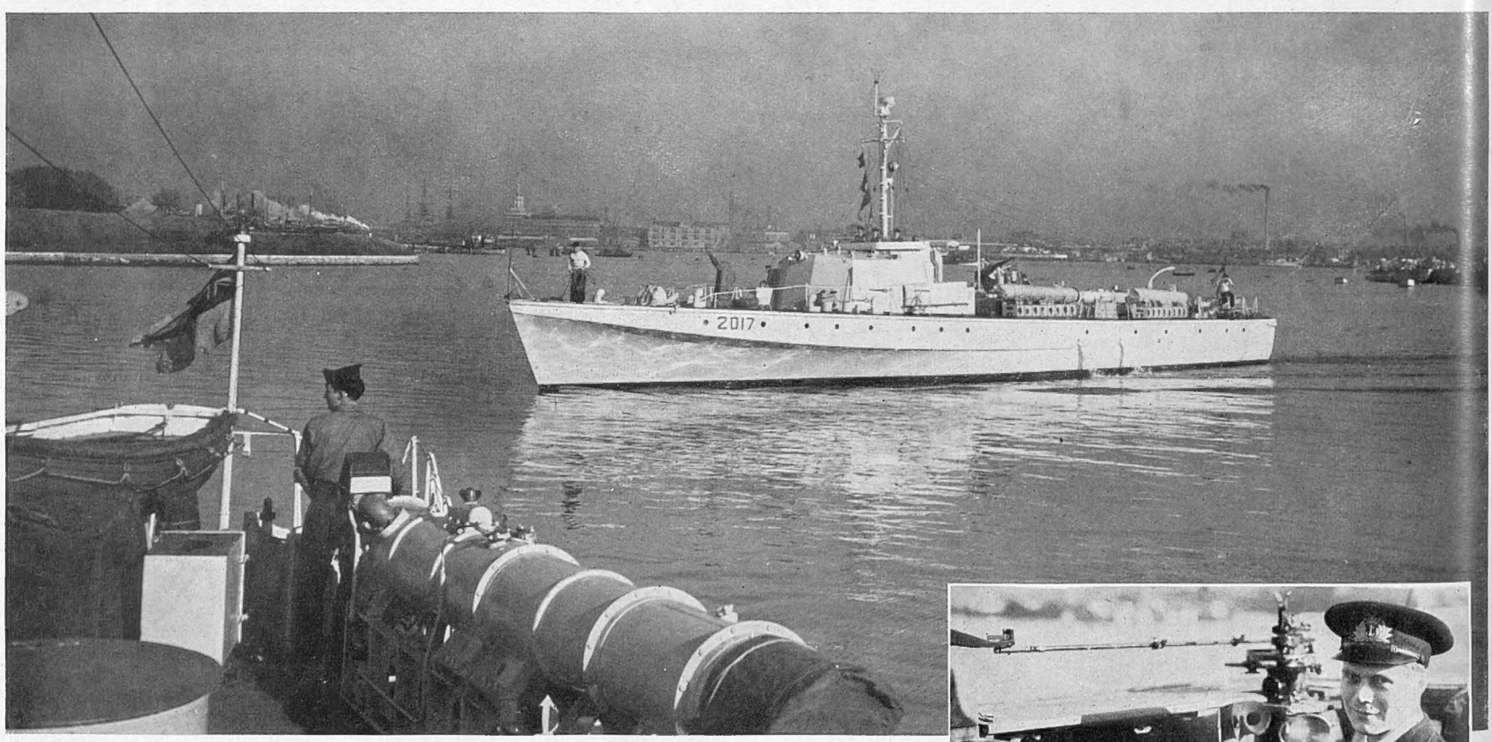
AMERICA'S NEW NAVAL DIVE-BOMBER

BRITISH M.T.B's CRUISE TO THE ARCTIC

THE AM 1 MAULER, THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S LARGEST, FASTEST, AND MOST HEAVILY ARMED CARRIER-BASED DIVE TORPEDO-BOMBER: The AM 1 Mauler, christened the "Able Mabel," has been developed jointly by the Glenn Martin Company and by naval aircraft experts. The machine has twelve 5-inch rockets, three 2,200-lb. torpedoes, and four 20-mm. cannon, the last being built in on the leading edge of the wing. The Mauler's range is 2,000 miles, and it has already proved itself in landing and take-off tests on aircraft-carriers of the United States Navy. The Mauler is powered by a 3,250-h.p. Pratt and Whitney engine. One-third of the 149 Maulers ordered by the United States Navy have yet to be delivered



UNDER-BELLY OF THE NEW NAVAL PLANE: This view shows the Mauler's vast armament, and the silhouette of the machine, which should be easy to identify



BOUND FOR A 3,000-MILE CRUISE TO ARCTIC WATERS. The M.T.B. 2017 seen at Portsmouth. Crews have been issued with special clothing for the sub-zero temperatures in which they will operate

The Admiralty has announced that three motor torpedo-boats are to visit Norwegian ports and to proceed within the Arctic Circle during a cruise in Northern waters. They are the M.T.B.s 2012, 2016 and 2017. They will call at Bergen, Trondheim, and Tromso, and it will be the first time that naval vessels of this type have proceeded so far north. The craft will collectively cover more than 9,000 sea miles, during which the crews will test their equipment in conditions of extreme cold. They will be under the command of Lieutenant D. L. Syms, R.N. The boats were due to leave the small-craft base of H.M.S. *Hornet* in the Solent this week. Bergen is the first port of call, and they will be at Trondheim from February 9 to 11 and at Tromso from February 12 to 22. They will call at both Trondheim and Bergen during the return voyage to the United Kingdom. The M.T.B.s of this type have a displacement of 115 tons. Their armament includes four 18-in. torpedo tubes, two 6-pounder guns, six 20-mm. anti-aircraft guns, and one rocket projector. They are powered by three V 12 Packard engines, supercharged, giving a b.h.p. of 4,050 and a sea speed of 26 knots

LIEUTENANT D. L. SYMS, R.N., WHO COMMANDS THE THREE M.T.B.s of the Camper and Nicholson type: Lieutenant Syms is seen on the bridge of one of the three vessels before leaving the Solent for the Arctic

MR. ERNEST BEVIN PRESIDES OVER THE CONSULTATIVE COUNCIL OF THE FIVE SIGNATORIES OF THE BRUSSELS TREATY: The scene in Mr. Bevin's room at the Foreign Office, where he deliberated last week with the Foreign Ministers of France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. The agenda was in part routine, and it was the task of the Ministers to review the steps taken toward Western Union in the military, political, economic and cultural spheres

TOWARDS A EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT

The Five Foreign Ministers of Western Union Meet in London

The Five-Power Western Union is primarily a closely-knit defence organisation which, when the Atlantic Pact has been completed, will be operating within a larger framework of nations. To-day the Ministers are most concerned with the further development of European unity, and in principle a Consultative Assembly representative of national Parliaments is accepted by all five Powers. In matters of detail there are, of course, differences, and it is now the task to hammer these out. Last week-end the Ministers announced that the first European Parliament might meet at Strasbourg

THE DELEGATES FROM FRANCE AND BELGIUM AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE: M. Robert Schuman, French Foreign Minister (second from right), in conversation with M. Rene Massigli, French Ambassador in London. Second from left is M. Paul Henri Spaak, Belgian Foreign Minister, and on his left is Vicomte A. O. de Thieusies, the Belgian Ambassador

WITH A BATTERY OF CAMERAS AND ARC-LIGHTS AT THEIR BACK: The Luxembourg and Dutch delegates at the meeting of the Brussels Treaty Powers. The Dutch Foreign Minister, Dr. Udo Stikker, is second from right

ON THEIR WAY TO LUNCH WITH MR. ATTLEE: M. Schuman, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Stikker walking to 10, Downing Street from the Foreign Office, where they had been attending the Western Union conference. A Russian statement has denounced the Western Union for its exclusion of Russia and its satellites

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF NINETEEN EASTERN COUNTRIES CONFER AT NEW DELHI ON THE VEXED PROBLEM OF INDONESIA : A general view of the opening session, at which Pandit Nehru (in the centre of the horseshoe on right), the Indian Prime Minister, presided over the delegates who gathered to demand speedy action and a just settlement of the Indonesian problem. Complete agreement was reached, and the recommendations transmitted to the Security Council

THE DELHI TALKS and the NORDIC PACT

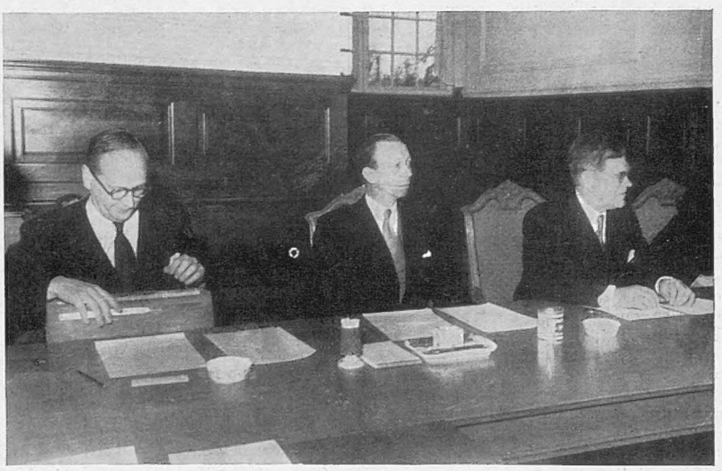
Two Important New Aspects of World Policy, and Other News of International Import

When the news of the Dutch action in Indonesia became known, the Eastern world, under the leadership of the new Dominion of India, was stirred to action. The Yemen, Syria and Siam, Pakistan, the Philippines, Egypt, China and Ceylon, Burma, Australia and Afghanistan, Iraq, Iran and Ethiopia all sent delegates to New Delhi. From Canberra to Cairo there was a call for action, and this meeting of the United Nations of the East expressed the unanimous view that the Indonesian Republican leaders should be freed immediately, that territories held by the Indonesian Republic on December 18 last should be restored not later than March 15, that Dutch forces be withdrawn from these territories, and that elections to the Constituent Assembly of Indonesia be completed by October 1. The recommendations were firm but moderate in tone, and, above all, essentially dignified. Observers detected a note of high statesmanship in the deliberations, perhaps a new voice in the councils of a torn world. That the Asian countries have no desire to challenge the authority of the United Nations was abundantly plain, but it was clear also that they intended to follow up their first venture in joint action

PAKISTAN'S CHIEF DELEGATE ARRIVES FOR THE DELHI CONFERENCE : Sir Mohammed Zafarullah (second from right), leader of the Pakistan delegation, greeted at New Delhi by Mohammed Ismail (right), Pakistan High Commissioner in India. Standing on the extreme left is the A.D.C. to the Governor-General of India

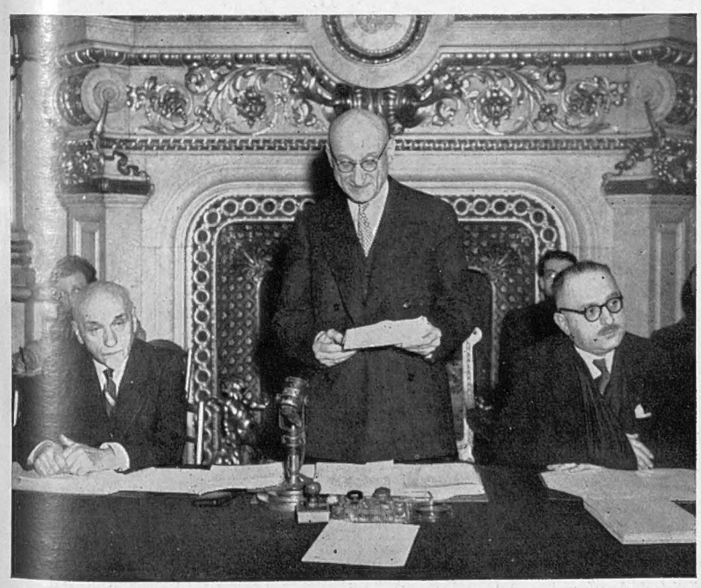
ASSIGNED TO NEW DELHI : Mr. Frank Roberts, until lately Private Secretary to Mr. Ernest Bevin, Britain's Foreign Minister, has just been appointed Deputy High Commissioner in India, serving as assistant to Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Nye (the former Governor of Madras)

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF MARSHAL K. E. VOROSHILOV: The great wartime Commander seen seated between Mr. Molotov, Russia's Foreign Minister, and Generalissimo Stalin at the great parade held in Moscow on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Lenin. Seated behind Mr. Molotov and Marshal Voroshilov is Marshal Bulganin, Vice-Chairman of the Council of Ministers and Minister of the Armed Forces. Since the last war Marshal Voroshilov's name has tended to fade from the public eye

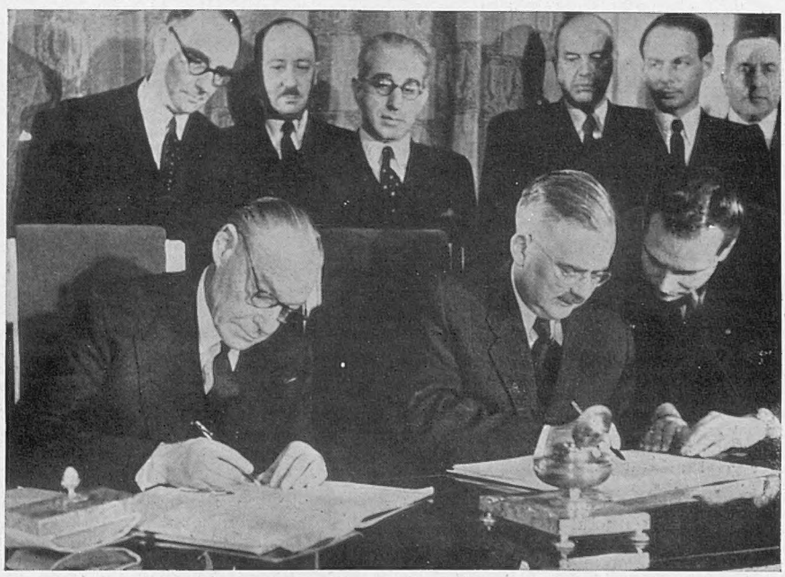


DEBATING A NORDIC PACT—THE LEADING MINISTERS OF THE THREE SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES WHO MET AT CHRISTIANBORG, DENMARK, AND AGAIN AT OSLO, NORWAY, TO PLAN MUTUAL DEFENCE AND TO DISCUSS THEIR ATTITUDE TO THE PROPOSED ATLANTIC AGREEMENT: *Left*—The three Premiers, Binar Gerhardsen (Norway), Hans Hedtoft (Denmark) and Tage Erlander (Sweden). *Right*—The Foreign Ministers, Halvord Lange (Norway), Gustav Rasmussen (Denmark) and Östen Unden (Sweden). Each of the countries was also represented by its Defence Minister, and in the later talks by leading Ambassadors

The negotiations for a Scandinavian Defence Union made considerable progress at the first meeting held in the Danish Parliament at Christianborg, and when the Ministers concluded their first talks they were able to announce "that the three Scandinavian peoples are firmly resolved on the defence of their liberty, their independence and their democracy against aggression with all the means at their disposal; with this purpose in view they have already made considerable economic sacrifices which they will continue." The delegates have made it clear that their defence union shall be within the framework of the United Nations. It was clear also that the Conference had made progress from the outset, and a particularly important stage was reached when the Swedish delegates agreed to modify their views on the question of "neutrality." Scandinavian co-operation in economic fields has been a practical reality for two generations but in matters of defence it is a new departure and very much in line with the spirit of regional co-operation revealed in the recent Delhi talks



FRANCE AND ITALY HEAD TOWARDS COMPLETE ECONOMIC UNION: M. Robert Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, speaking at the Quai d'Orsay at the ceremony of signing the report of the mixed French and Italian Committee which has been working since the beginning of January on the project of a Customs union between the two countries. On the left is Signor Bertone, leader of the Italian delegation, and on the right is M. Letourneau, leader of the French delegation. The report, which has still to be considered by the French and Italian Parliaments, includes the findings of seven technical committees. It calls for the abolition of Customs duties between France and Italy and the establishment of an identical tariff



SIGNING THE EGGS-AND-BACON PACT: Sir Donald Gainer (left), British Ambassador in Warsaw, and Mr. Hilary Nino (right), Poland's Minister of Industry and Commerce, signing in Warsaw the five-year commercial agreement between Britain and Poland. By this pact Britain replaces Russia as Poland's biggest customer, and by 1953 we shall receive £130,000,000 worth of eggs, bacon and other foodstuffs. In return, Britain will send to Poland an equal value of machinery, wool, rubber, crude oil and dyestuffs. In the first year Britain will receive 20,000 tons of bacon, and in the first year shell eggs will number 156,000,000. Poland is now assured of a market for foodstuffs which will enable her to adapt her production, particularly of bacon and eggs, to British needs. The principal British export to Poland will be wool

SMUGGLING A BAR TO GERMAN RECOVERY

The Co-operation of the Occupiers, a Sinister Factor

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE Germans have been learning some home truths about their current behaviour—and not too soon. Events in other parts of the world—China, Middle East, beleaguered Berlin itself—have absorbed a good deal of attention which might otherwise have been bestowed upon some of the uses to which German recovery in the West is being put.

This recovery set in six months ago, following the currency reform, and has taken on startling proportions in the past few weeks. There is talk of both agricultural and industrial production nearing three-quarters of pre-war figures. The outward sign is admitted by Dr. Schumacher himself. "Foreigners see that shops in Western Germany are displaying luxuries unobtainable in most other European countries," and this, he points out, "makes a painful impression on people whose countries were plundered by the Third Reich."

For my part, I see more than a budding resemblance between the present bearing of Western Germans, and the attitude of a previous generation of those same Germans to the Allied Occupation of 1924, or thereabouts.

Those past Germans (I have in mind Cologne) had been given back a firm even "dear" currency, thanks to Schacht's wizardry with the Rentenmark. They had won a moral victory in the Ruhr. A combination of the two soon led to them getting "uppish" and obstructive, saucy and showing-off.

Misplaced Allied retrenchment helped the last.

Institutions which had catered in the distraction line saw their subsidies withdrawn and had to close down. Life locally became stern and hard. The spacious days were over. The army had to eat humble pie, clinging to trams while Germans thundered by in glistening Mercédès. We began to be less and less top-dog. A cynic was even heard to observe that we had become "paying guests—and paying dashed hard."

So finished Chapter 15 of the story of the last Occupation, bearing on 1924. It might go almost unaltered and fit to-day.

Specifically, the following charges are preferred against Germans in Bizonia:—

Failure to collect home-produced food while Britain and the United States pay for huge amounts imported into Germany.

Sabotaging industry by wasting scarce electric power on window displays and unnecessary projects.

Wasting petrol on pleasure motoring.

Building luxury restaurants, clubs and cinemas while hundreds of thousands still have no homes.

A fifth charge, more serious than any of them, is missing, and that is indulgence in smuggling to a degree that was not to be imagined.

General Clay, American Military Governor, has gone on record to the effect that smuggling of goods from Western Germany offers "the greatest threat" to her economic recovery and stability. Estimates of the value of goods smuggled are running as high as £50,000,000 a year, or approximately one-fifth of Germany's legal exports. That Germans are not the only ones responsible for this astonishing leakage shifts over some of the guilt, but does no more.

A good deal of the traffic is in dollars and other hard currencies, acquired in Germany by various forms of evasion. Germany's new big business men alone are thought to be salting away hard currency abroad at the rate of some £15,000,000 a year. Not a staggering amount, yet pretty good, after only a few months, out of a total legal export rate of £250,000,000 a year.

What may the German "salting away" amount to, when this latter total is raised to £625,000,000, unless something is done in the meantime?

The German aim in hoarding foreign currency abroad is to put off the day when they must pay out of exports for some of their imports, and to have foreign currency ready when they can buy what they like without Anglo-U.S. controls. Viewed in that light the smuggling is a return of the old sly German hand in other people's pockets.

What is now going on must be seen against the background of past smuggling in Germany since VE Day.

First of all, there was the carrying of loot out of the country. This was overwhelmingly the province of the armed forces and ancillary bodies, and may be said to have died down by the close of 1946. There was still a deal to be smuggled out, but occupation forces had become much smaller and more strictly supervised. Accordingly the work was taken on by big time international racketeers.

These had a high old time—in 1947 mostly—digging out the remaining "merchandise" to which Germans had clung: heirlooms and family possessions, jewellery and currency, *objets d'art*, furs, and also such things as cigarette cartons, fine wines and liqueurs, and drugs. These racketeers were essentially out to feed the black market in other countries and, to do so, preyed on the Germans, extracting what the latter still had and held. But now note the difference.

To-day's smuggling out of Germany is, with the exception of money, almost entirely comprised of goods being produced by the Germans, and made over by them to "travellers," which is the polite new word for the collecting smuggler, the man "on the road." Since German industry got to work again, in the autumn, it has been turning out an ever-rising flow of just such things as smugglers' dreams are made of: original jewellery, scientific and precision instruments, wrist-watches and electric clocks, fine china and silverware, luxury cameras and leather goods, high-class cosmetics and drugs.

Most of these articles and commodities are being produced below world prices, which makes all the more jam for the "travellers."

The current massive smuggling is proceeding broadly in five directions: to the Russian Zone and beyond, to the Low Countries, to France, to Switzerland and to Italy. Just lately, operations into Italy have attracted notice. Some of the smuggling via Italy is for the purpose of furnishing the new State of Israel with basic manufacturing requirements. Thus a man has been arrested for buying a leather goods factory in the British Zone and forwarding it in bits and pieces to Palestine as "household effects."

An international ring smuggling millions of dollars'-worth of money and material from Germany into foreign countries, and composed of American civilians, Military Government and military personnel, established headquarters at Munich in the early autumn. Opening move was to send "contact men" to search out Americans who were hard up in Germany. They were told they could be cut in on the ring's profits. It has all been revealed by U.S. Air Force Criminal Investigation agents who, in the American way depicted on the screen, joined in the smuggling operations.

The goods were taken from Germany across the border in false compartments built into automobile trunks, mudguards and the running-boards of motor-cars. The gang offered to install secret smuggling compartments in privately-owned cars if Americans in Germany volunteered to join the ring. Some of its operators even offered Americans new American-made cars which were to be given to them free of charge after they had made three or four smuggling trips across the frontiers.

In the case under review, the smuggled goods were delivered in most cases to Milan, but the Munich ring's activities were not confined to Italy.

If the Americans who earned their cars wished to continue with the ring, they could do so on a basis of cash payments for each "mission" accomplished. Payment varied from £75 to £125 a trip. Of course, Americans with official jobs in Germany were either spared search at frontiers or were best placed of any to grease a way through.

German chemists were always great drug manufacturers and the most serious aspect of the present smuggling epidemic is that dope was hidden in those secret car compartments, and still is being secreted in many another mudguard and running-board of car and truck. Indeed, it is easy to see a connection between the Geneva Opium Board's recent concern over the "alarming increase" in the use of heroin and the discovery by German chemists of a complete substitute in the form of a manufacture called amidone.

According to the U.N. Narcotics Commission, American chemists had received samples of amidone from Germany as long ago as mid-1947. It can be made from a handful of simple ingredients which anyone can buy, and is so easy to make that a small fortune can be made by one smuggling trip with amidone.

The Americans have revealed a shocking story about a handful of their own people. In so doing, they have lifted a corner of the veil—only. Russians, British, French and D.P.s—very much so, these last—and a selection of the various oddments who have contrived to take root of varying duration in Germany could likewise shed light on how Germans smuggle so much out of their country.

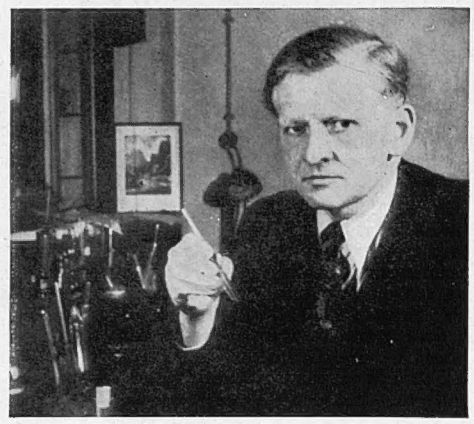
Much that was libellous, and even infamous, has been written about the several official bodies into whose hands was committed the governance and control of the vanquished Germans. As early as 1943 one thing was being said by people with past experience and foresight: that foreign occupations demand the best men only, that these must be paid for, and rendered secure, and that it always repays.

Through doing things on the cheap, all kinds of candidates had to be scraped up for duty in Germany. A lengthy weeding-out process followed, but, that some of the effects of the stingy, short-sighted policy still linger is only too painfully evident.

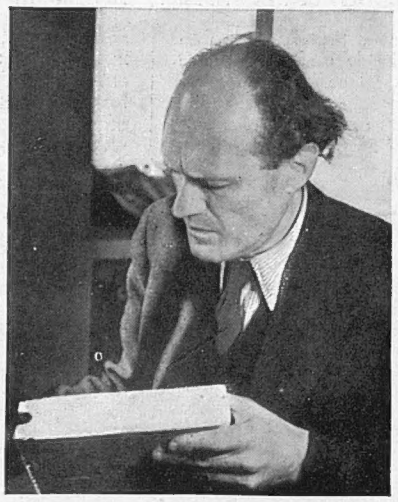
Without bearing on the Americans in particular, a friend who recently crossed in a U.S. transport related how passengers with jobs awaiting them in Germany dilated openly on how they intended to get rich quick—their chief thought—in that land of opportunity.

POST-WAR GERMANY: FOUR PERSONALITIES IN A DE-NAZIFIED LAND

DR. HAENFSTAENGEL PASSES THROUGH THE DE-NAZIFICATION COURT: The former chief of the Foreign Press Department in Germany who recently gave evidence on his own behalf before the court at Weilheim. Haenfstaengel was connected with Hitler from the earliest days of the Nazi movement, and after 1930 was the Fuhrer's constant companion. Later he fell into disfavour, and following an attempt on his life he escaped to Switzerland and later to London. As an internee in Britain Haenfstaengel was sent to Canada after the time of Dunkirk and he retired to Germany shortly after the close of the war.



THE NOBEL WINNER WHO NEVER RECEIVED HIS PRIZE: Professor Richard Kuhn, who declined the 1938 award for chemistry (offered for his work in connection with carotinoids and vitamins) on the grounds of the German Government's decision forbidding Germans to accept such prizes. Dr. Kuhn, for long Director of Heidelberg's Kaiser-Wilhelm Institute for Medical Research, will now receive the award. Dr. Kuhn was born in 1900 and first studied at Munich University. Before his Heidelberg appointment he was Professor of General and Analytical Chemistry at the Technical High School at Zurich.



SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES IN SOUTH GERMANY: Willy Messerschmitt (*left*), Germany's foremost wartime producer of military aircraft, and Willi Stoehr (*right*) a former champion stunt flyer, are hard at work on housing construction in the Munich area, where they are conducting building operations along new and revolutionary lines. Herr Messerschmitt is seen examining a piece of prefabricated material he is using in the work.

ACTIVITY IN ONE OF THE LARGEST SHOPS LEFT STANDING IN THE KRUPPS WORKS AT ESSEN: In this shop new locomotives are being built and old ones are being repaired. The general activity is typical of the revived Ruhr, where smoke once again belches from the forests of chimneys of the eleven cities

KRUPPS AND THE RUHR REVIVAL

The Locomotive Works at Essen in Large-Scale Production

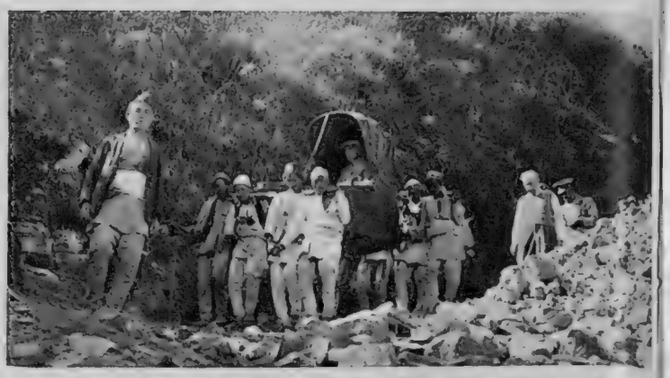
To-day the great Krupps concern at Essen still employs 15,000 people, which is many more than present production justifies, but there is no mistaking the stir of revival in industry in Essen, and, indeed, throughout the Ruhr, and there is no doubt, indeed, that Western Germany is already playing a very full part in the European Recovery Programme. The steel output in the Ruhr is now 600,000 tons per month, while Ruhr coal production goes ahead by leaps and bounds. There is a long-range project to extend the generation of electric power at the principal Ruhr mines by the construction of a chain of new mine-owned power plants, and it is possible that this gigantic plan may be carried out by an international holding company with headquarters at Essen. Altogether 127 industrial buildings at Essen have been allowed by the Occupation authorities for Germany's peacetime economy, but it appears that Krupps have already transgressed the statutes by starting repairs on their vast Tankshop No. 2. As this has certain "obnoxious features," which could make it easily adaptable for armament production, British control officers have come down heavily on the Krupps transgression. Essen's growth in the past seventy years, largely due to the Krupps enterprises, has been phenomenal. The city had 57,000 inhabitants in 1880, and by 1939 this figure had risen to close on 660,000

THE CZECH SMUGGLING INCIDENT—AMERICAN GUARDS AND CZECH GUARDS (CENTRE BACKGROUND) STANDING BESIDE BRUSHWOOD FIRES ON THE BORDERLAND BETWEEN THE AMERICAN ZONE OF GERMANY AND THE REPUBLIC OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA AT SCHIRNDING: In the background stands the smugglers' truck, which drove on after being challenged and which was eventually stopped just within Czechoslovakian territory

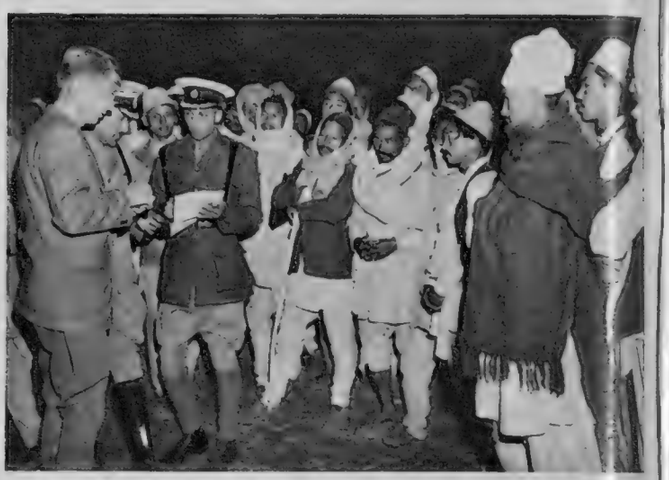
HERO OF THE PIECE: Lieutenant Francis A. Richter, of the United States Army, examining the bullet holes of the German truck after the German-Czech border incident. Following the exchange of shots, Lieutenant Richter made a truce with the Czech commander, narrowly averting a war in miniature by the forces ranged along the Czech border at Schirnding

United States soldiers exchanged shots with Czech border guards at Schirnding, Germany, on January 22. German guards were posted at Schirnding to stop a truck trying to cross into Czechoslovakia, illegally loaded with ball bearings. The truck drove on after being challenged and the Germans fired eighty shots at it. Both occupants were fatally wounded. The truck stopped just over the Czech border. Czechs heard the shooting and discharged about 150 shots. The Germans replied with forty shots. Six U.S. Military Police drove to the scene and fired across the border. Finally Lieutenant Francis A. Richter, of the United States force, made a truce with the Czech commander

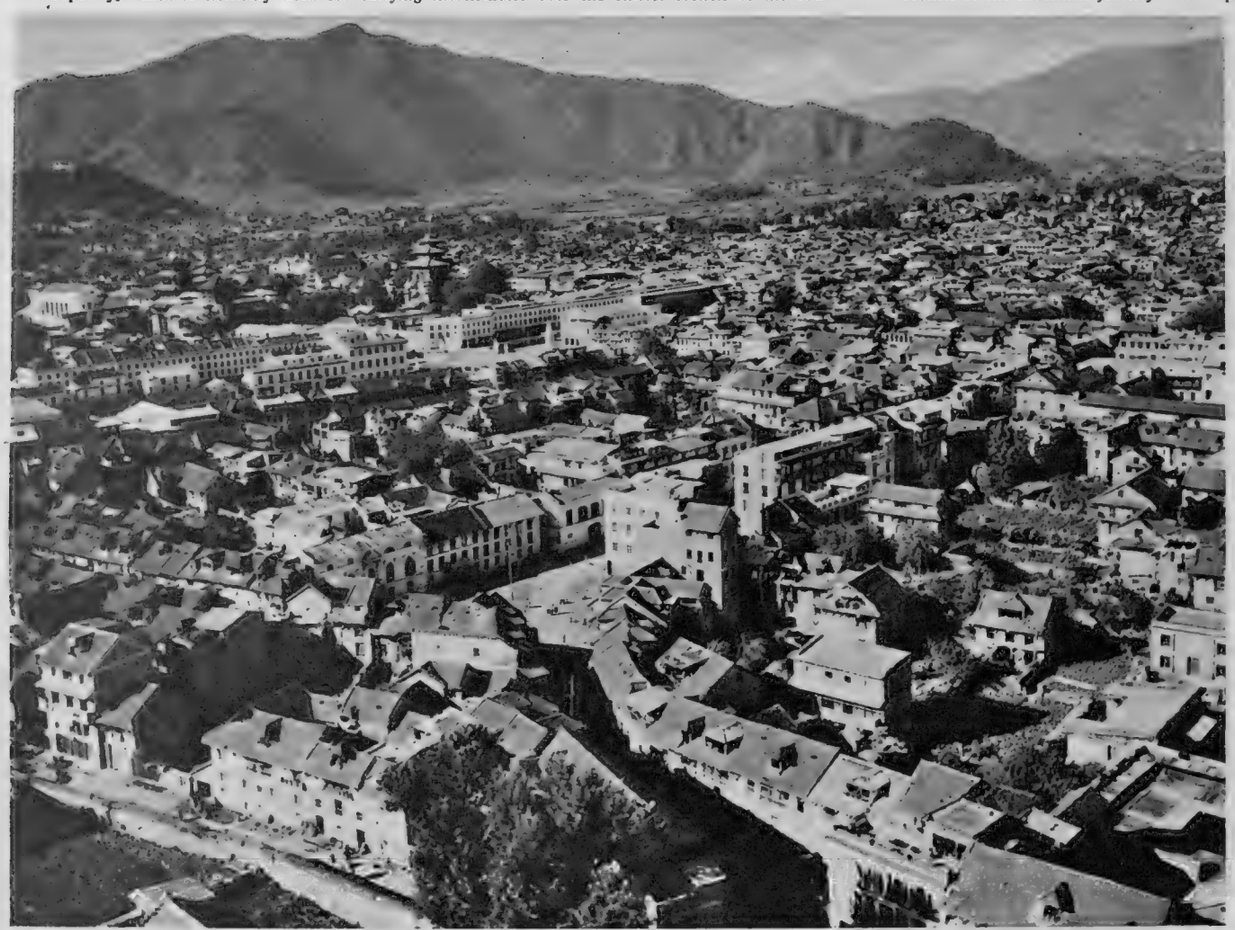
THE AMBASSADORIAL PARTY STARTS OUT ON THE FIRST LEG OF THE MOUNTAIN CROSSING INTO THE HIDDEN KINGDOM OF NEPAL: This dramatic picture taken in the foothills north of Bhimpedi shows the native bearers with their sedan chairs following the United States Ambassador to India and his entourage as they set out on horseback, their destination the Nepalese capital of Katmandu. While the party toiled up the slopes, the baggage was sent by aerial ropeway, which is normally used for carrying merchandise over the stiffest section of the route



AN AMBASSADOR MAKES THE JOURNEY INTO THE HIDDEN LAND OF NEPAL: Mr. Loy W. Henderson, American Ambassador to India and Minister Plenipotentiary to Nepal, being carried by sedan chair through the passes during part of his arduous journey from Delhi to Katmandu to present his credentials to the King of Nepal, ruler over the independent kingdom in the Himalayas bounded on the north by Tibet and on the south by Bihar and the United Provinces of India. The record of that journey, and of the Ambassador's lavish reception in Katmandu, is given in the pictures on these pages



THE BAGGAGE PORTERS RECEIVE THEIR PAY: Mr. J. Jefferson Jones (left), Second Secretary of the United States Embassy in Delhi, examines the bill from the eighty-nine coolies who assisted in carrying baggage over the first section of the mountain journey into Nepal. Each coolie received one rupee



THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY, KATMANDU, CAPITAL OF THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF NEPAL, SITUATED IN THE CENTRE OF A FERTILE, SUNLIT VALLEY: On the last stage of the journey to present his credentials, the United States Ambassador and his party drove by car from Thankot along a well-made highway into the capital city. Katmandu, which has a population of approximately 108,000, stretches for about a mile north from the confluence of the Baghmati and Vishnumati Rivers. It was founded in A.D 724 and probably takes its name from an ancient blackwood building in the heart of the city which is supposed to have been built from one giant tree (Kath—wood. Mandu—edifice). The valley is for the most part cut off from the rest of India by a 60-mile stretch of mountains and jungle, but the completion of two narrow-gauge railways, the first in 1927 and the second in 1940, has opened up at least a part of the hidden and still mysterious country

EMBASSY to HIDDEN NEPAL

An American Envoy Journeys Over the Mountain Passes to Present His Credentials in Katmandu

Nepal now has two narrow-gauge railways and a five-year plan, but it still remains a hidden, secret land, known to very few Europeans. This independent kingdom of the Himalayas, set in a smiling valley between India and even more secret Tibet, stands on terms of the completest understanding with the outside world; but a journey to Nepal's capital of Katmandu still takes on the aspect of high adventure. When Mr. Loy Henderson, America's Ambassador in Delhi, recently journeyed to Katmandu to present his credentials to the King of Nepal, head of the ruling dynasty of Hindu Rajputs, he had to endure four days of varied travel by railway, by car, on horseback, by sedan chair, and on foot. It was an exhausting experience, and when the Ambassador and his entourage finally descended from the high passes into the valley of Nepal they must have been surprised indeed by the degree of modernity that confronted them, with electric light and telephones and a host of other amenities in a city cut off from the rest of mankind by 60 miles of mountain and jungle.

THE VISITING AMBASSADOR CONFERS WITH THE PRIME MINISTER OF NEPAL: Mr. Loy Henderson, United States Ambassador to Delhi and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Sovereign State of Nepal, seen in the Durbar Hall at Katmandu, where he held conversations with His Highness the Maharaja Sir Mohun Shumsher Jung Bahadur Rana, and presented him with the insignia of the Legion of Merit. The King does not take an active part in the government of Nepal, but the Prime Minister is a member of his family. Sir Mohun heads a decidedly progressive regime, and last year he announced a five-year plan for the development of Nepal, envisaging country-wide industrialisation, the development of electric power, the improvement of communications and the opening of air services

OUTSIDE THE DURBAR HALL—BEDECKED IN DIAMONDS, PEARLS, EMERALDS AND RUBIES: The Prime Minister of Nepal, Maharaja Sir Mohun Shumsher Jung Bahadur Rana, who is also the Supreme Commander-in-Chief, and his senior commander, General Kaiser Shumsher Jung Bahadur Rana, until lately Nepalese Ambassador in London

AMBASSADOR HENDERSON PRESENTS HIS CREDENTIALS TO THE KING OF NEPAL: The King, His Majesty Maharjaadhiraja Tribhubana Bir Bikram Jung Bahadur Shah Bahada Shumsher Jung, is seen in his magnificent plumed head-dress as he rose from the throne to receive the letters of credence. The Prime Minister stands beside Mr. Henderson, and on the extreme left is the Prince Royal and Heir Apparent. The Minister is carrying in his left hand the letter of recall of his predecessor, Dr. Grady

A Foreign News Survey in Pictures

FROM MONTE CARLO TO CAPE TOWN

ALL SET FOR THE JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE ON THE SECOND STAGE OF THE MONTE CARLO RALLY : The British entrants in the annual contest lined up at Boulogne after being unloaded from the cross-Channel ferry. Nearly fifty cars set off from Glasgow at the start of the rally, among them five foreign competitors who chose a British starting-point. On the night run to Folkestone cars were checked at Doncaster to ensure that they were maintaining their scheduled average speed of 31½ m.p.h. Marks were deducted if they were slower than this minimum or faster than 40 m.p.h. In the first rally in 1911 the scheduled speed was 6·2 m.p.h. At Folkestone the cars were embarked on a boat specially chartered by the R.A.C. After Boulogne the route lay south-east through Luxembourg, where the main rally circuit was joined. Most of the cars carried a crew of three

THEIR LAST DAY IN ISRAEL : Pilot 2 F. H. Close (left centre), of No. 208 Tactical Reconnaissance Squadron, Royal Air Force, and Flying Officer T. J. McElhaw (right centre), of the same unit, the two pilots who were shot down and captured by Israeli forces on January 7, taking tea with Israeli Air Force officers at Haifa prior to their departure in the S.S. "Campidoglio." An official spokesman said later that there had been no intention of holding the pilots indefinitely. They were service men of a Power that was not at war with Israel

A MIRACLE OF TRANSFORMATION IN WESTERN GERMANY : This pile of wrecked jeeps was acquired by Josef Mikolajczyk (standing centre) and Heinrich Janssen. They purchased 1,300 jeeps, and turned out 800 shining new vehicles

JEEPS FROM THE JUNK-PILE ARE READY FOR THE ROAD : Some of the 800 new vehicles made by Josef Mikolajczyk and Heinrich Janssen from the 1,300 vehicles which they purchased from a junk heap. Janssen declared that all that was necessary for the task was a thorough knowledge of motors. For the rest they selected and refurbished all the best fittings, and by dint of grinding and polishing achieved their remarkable transformation. At the height of their success the two men were turning out 200 vehicles a month

A SETBACK FOR THE ITALIAN COMMUNISTS IN LOMBARDY : Workers parading with banners and placards through the streets of Milan after the Communist-dominated Chamber of Labour had called a three-hour strike in the city as a protest against the Government's decision to discontinue subsidies to two uneconomic engineering works. The strike was opposed by the Christian Democrat, Moderate Socialist and Republican trade unionists, and was effective only among tramway workers. The great majority of workers ignored the call. On the following day the Communists called a gas strike, which affected Rome, Milan, Turin, and other cities. Throughout Northern Italy there has been evidence of waning support for the Communist cause

ROME STUDENTS PROTEST AT THE HANDING OVER OF ITALIAN WARSHIPS TO THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT : A group of students bowled over by a police jeep in the streets of the capital, when they demonstrated outside the Italian Foreign Office against the departure of the warships under the terms of the Peace Treaty. The trouble started when about 500 students gathered outside the Russian Embassy, shouting anti-Soviet slogans, and they then marched to the Piazza Colonna, chanting "You have sold us out" under the windows of the Foreign Office. No one was injured, but police made arrests. Among warships to be handed over is the battleship *Giulio Cesare*, once the pride of the Italian Navy. The first vessel to leave was a destroyer

THE CO-DEFENDANTS IN A FRENCH "CAUSE CÉLÈBRE": M. Claude Morgan (left), manager of the Communist periodical "Les Lettres Françaises," and M. Andre Wurmser, editor of the paper, consulting together in the Paris court where they have been central figures in the libel action brought against them by M. Kravchenko, the Russian official who wrote "I Chose Freedom." The trial has developed at times into a heated, noisy and sometimes almost violent debate about Communism in general. M. Wurmser declared that he had written the articles complained of because he felt it his duty as a journalist and as a Frenchman, and to keep faith with his dead comrades in the Resistance. M. Wurmser attempted at the outset of the trial to prove that M. Kravchenko was not the author of the book *I Chose Freedom*, and M. Kravchenko became so incensed that he rushed towards Wurmser across the well of the court, shouting furiously. When it looked as if they were about to come to blows ushers stepped in

VICTOR KRAVCHENKO STATES HIS CASE IN HIS LIBEL ACTION AGAINST THE COMMUNIST PERIODICAL "LES LETTRES FRANÇAISES": M. Kravchenko, who often pointed a finger at the defence, explained his reasons for breaking with the Soviet regime. "The Molochs of the Kremlin have installed a regime of terror and hate," he declared. At the start of the trial the judge read the articles complained of. One of them accused M. Kravchenko of being "a drunkard, a traitor, and not the real author of the book *I Chose Freedom*"

THE OPENING OF THE SECOND SESSION OF THE TENTH PARLIAMENT OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA: The Governor-General, the Hon. G. Brand van Zyl, leaving the Parliament House in Cape Town with Mrs. Van Zyl after the inaugural ceremony. In a long speech from the throne, the Governor-General declared that the Government intended, by legislation as well as administrative means, to give effect to its policy of segregation "and permanently rendering better relations between European and non-European races on a sound and just basis"

THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE UNION, DR. MALAN, AND MRS. MALAN ARRIVING FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW SESSION OF THE TENTH PARLIAMENT: The opening day marked Dr. Malan's thirtieth anniversary as an M.P. In this new session, Dr. Malan is facing a continuously hard battle from the Opposition, which is little inferior in numbers. The most contentious measure will probably be the Bill providing for the representation of South-West Africa in the Union Parliament

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY GUARD OF HONOUR OUTSIDE THE UNION PARLIAMENT IN CAPE TOWN: The scene after the opening ceremony as the Governor-General and Mrs. Van Zyl, who are seen at the gateway, left on the return journey to their residence

THE "QUEEN MARY" STEAMS UP THE HUDSON AT THE CONCLUSION OF AN ATLANTIC VOYAGE: The great Cunard-White Star liner heading toward Pier 90, where the never-easy operation of berthing will take place. The pilot has already gone aboard, entering from a tug by a hatch in the vessel's side. He then takes a lift to the bridge and starts giving orders to tugs by radio-telephone

ENGAGED IN A DELICATE BATTLE WITH WIND AND TIDE: As the "Queen Mary" approaches Pier 90 the stern tugs move away to pull the stern round and head the liner into her berth. The bow tugs are seen about to go into action

HOW A GREAT LINER DOCKS

"Queen Mary" Manœuvres into Pier 90

Every time the *Queen Mary*, or, for that matter, the *Queen Elizabeth*, comes up the Hudson River heading for the Cunard-White Star pier, the problem of berthing has to be tackled not as a piece of routine, for it never becomes that, but as a delicate operation demanding the height of co-operation between the men in the engine-room of the liner, the tug masters and the docking pilot, who uses the radio-telephone to gain almost finger-tip control of the great vessel placed temporarily in his charge. Wind and tide make the situation an ever-changing one. The act of docking is never quite the same on any two occasions. The pictures on these pages show in chronological order just a few of the problems that crop up as the great liner completes her trip across the western ocean. Large liners have been known to dispense with tugs when leaving dock, but it places a big responsibility upon the master. Tugs are always used for docking.

WITH HER OWN ENGINES CONSTANTLY HELPING IN THE MANŒUVRE AND WITH BOW AND STERN TUGS RESPONDING ON THE INSTANT TO THE ORDERS OF THE DOCKING PILOT FROM THE BRIDGE, THE "QUEEN MARY" IS NOSED ROUND TOWARD PIER 90: During a high wind docking can be a very complicated operation, as the towering hull is to a certain extent at the mercy of gusts, despite the control exercised by her own engines and the power of the attendant tugs

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT IN THE BERTHING OPERATION—THE "QUEEN MARY'S" BOW IS ALMOST AT THE PIERHEAD, AND THE DANGER IS THAT THE BOW WILL COME ROUND SO FAST THAT IT WILL "KNOCK THE PIER INTO WEST FIFTIETH STREET": To forestall this, the docking pilot has disengaged one tug from the port bow and sent it round to assist in braking operations on the starboard. The stern tugs are seen straining on their hawsers to bring round the stern

THE BRAKES HAVE BEEN APPLIED AND THE SHIP'S BOWS ARE GLIDING OBLIQUELY INTO THE DOCK: The operation is now almost complete, and the stern tugs are threshing the water to pull round the vast hull still farther

SIX TUGS ARE HOLDING THE "QUEEN MARY" AT THE BOW AND FOUR MORE ARE PUSHING AND PULLING AT THE STERN: The *Queen Mary* is straight in the dock, but thousands of tons of water have piled up between the vessel and the pier, exerting a dangerous pressure, and until this runs away at bow and stern the tugs must exert a counter-pressure

THE WALL OF WATER BETWEEN THE LINER AND THE DOCK HAS FLOWED AWAY AT BOW AND STERN: All is now safe and the "Queen Mary" has lines made fast at bow and stern. Soon the tugs will bustle off about other business in New York harbour. The docking pilot has been hard at work for fifteen minutes, but so surely does he handle the giant craft that few of the passengers are aware of any difficulties. This dramatic aerial view shows the raised highway which takes New York traffic along the Hudson shore, bringing it to the New Jersey bridge on the west of Manhattan

HOSPITAL CHARITIES AND THE HEALTH ACT

Now that Flag Days and Fêtes are No More

By CHARLES GRAVES

NEARLY seven months have elapsed since the National Health Act was passed and three weeks since all radio appeals for hospital funds, flag days, rags, fêtes, and collections were forbidden by order of Mr. Aneurin Bevan. So for the past three weeks the boards and committees of the hospitals involved in the National Health Service are no longer able to advertise in the Press, ask for contributions from individual subscribers, place collecting boxes in railway stations and public houses, sell book-matches, or ask patients for donations.

It is still too early to tell the extent to which hospitals will be deprived of charitable bequests. It can be assumed, however, that testators up and down the country are altering their wills. For the Family Welfare Association (formerly the Charity Organisation Society), which can be regarded as the M.C.C. of charities, is being asked continuously by beneficent persons what charities they recommend as suitable objects of their largesse. Homes for aged people or the care and protection of the young seem to be the most popular alternative to hospitals.

But what is particularly interesting is to see how existing organisations like the Hospital Savings Association and King Edward VII Fund have altered their original forms of charity to be of most benefit since the drastic step taken by the Ministry of Health last year. The King's Fund, as it is colloquially known, previously supplied hospitals with large sums of money to buy medical supplies, to improve the architectural layout, to add new boilers, to renovate the roof and, in fact, as far as possible, to provide new equipment and take care of the maintenance of all hospitals which were efficient but hard-up. To-day, they are very properly concentrating on making the life of the still hopelessly underpaid nursing staffs more tolerable. A children's hospital in London, for example, is being given a television set in order to keep the junior probationers, practically all of them teen-age, away from any risk of being attacked in the streets at night. Hard tennis courts at hospital convalescent homes is another splendid way of using the trust money.

The Hospital Savings Association, since the National Health Insurance Act, now devotes itself to making cash payments to contributors or dependants when they have been admitted to hospital. In return for 4d. a week, the contributor receives 4s. per day in hospital. Adult dependants receive 2s. a day. Other benefits include maternity grants, help towards cost of dental and convalescent home treatment, and the extra cost of special surgical and optical appliances.

There are, meantime, numbers of charitable organisations which are concerned with the provision of surgical appliances to hospitals. But as the cost of all this is now being borne by the State, there seems to be no immediate reason for their continued existence. On the other hand, no Sinking Fund has been suggested to pay pensions for secretaries and staffs of charities which have become obsolete—supposing they decide to "pack up." There are, indeed, all over the country hundreds of trusts which even before last year were accumulating large sums of dead money for which there is no immediate use because the original testators' specifications can no longer be complied with. What is to become of them?

The case for a complete overhaul, and of the administrative machinery for dealing with charitable trusts, has been well put by Lord Beveridge in *Voluntary Action*, published the other day. What is required is to set up a Royal Commission for the whole of Great Britain on the lines of the one organised for the City of London in 1878. There is no doubt that it would discover hundreds of small, endowed charities which could be better used than now.

Charities should only be exempted from income tax if registered with the appropriate authority (the Minister of Education, where education is concerned, and the Charity Commissioners, where straightforward charity is concerned). Each foundation ought to provide particulars as to its funds, purposes, rules and regulations, and if, fifty years after a bequest has been made, it is decided that the money could be used more usefully—relief in old age, illness, poverty or bringing up children—the foundation should be given permission to alter the terms of the bequest.

In the past there was a kind of Chamber of Horrors of Charities. Burnet's Foundation for Treatises on the goodness of the Creator was worth £1,800 for an annual essay of which only 300 copies were printed. Others were the Pursglove School, largely for the promotion of Latin verse (the master had to be in school ten hours a day in the summer and eight hours during the winter); Henry Smith's Charity; the Woodbridge Almshouses; and the Norwich Foundation for a Sermon in Low Dutch. The last-named continued until 1921, although nobody in the neighbourhood could begin to understand the language and the minister himself had to learn a sermon by heart in order to preach it. Perhaps the most amusing was the £50 a year bequeathed by Thomas Nash to Bath "for the use, benefit and enjoyment of the set of ringers belonging to the Abbey Church, Bath, on condition of their ringing on the whole peal of bells with clappers muffled various solemn and doleful changes, allowing proper intervals for rest and refreshment, from eight o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening, on the fourteenth May in every year, being the anniversary of my wedding day; and also on every anniversary of the day of my decease to ring a grand bob major and merry mirthful peals, unmuffled, during the same space of time, and allowing the same intervals as before mentioned, in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness."

It is true that a similar bequest made in 1947 by a Cambridge tailor for a trumpeter to sound "Reveille" and "Last Post" at his graveside on each anniversary of his death and say "Do your best for England" was unsuccessful. The cemetery authorities declined because they said it was impossible. Nevertheless there are numbers of charities to-day which, while drawing a set income, have no one much to whom to pay the money. In the circumstances it is a great pity that an organisation like the London Marriage Guidance Council, which is doing such wonderful work, is so short of funds that, according to Mr. Claud Mullins, the honorary chairman, the secretary frequently has to present his cheque a month late to ensure that there are funds to meet it.

As time goes on and as the State takes over more and more of the responsibilities of individual members of the public, charities should be compelled to seek permission to escape from the dead hand of the testator. Begging-letter writers will however always be with us and the Family Welfare Association still supplies a confidential list of these gentry to its subscribing members. As is the case with confidence tricksters, these begging-letter writers take advantage of some topical situation. Unlike good confidence men (which no doubt they would have become with a little more intelligence) they always stick to the same story once they have started it.

Those people who wrote asking for money on the grounds of having been bombed-out of their homes or businesses or of having lost their health as the result of the blitz, still write the same letters. One man always sends a routine snapshot of himself with hunting trophies. His victims, if they fall for it, are the landed gentry, whom he begs to send him money to prevent his being evicted. A spinster lady offers to do typing or sewing while asking for cash. Another writer asks for support to save him returning to a low life of crime. A man who uses a double-barrelled surname sends out the same printed poems and songs, while asking for help to buy clothes to take up a new job. Another specialist claims connection with people whom he "met in India." Not so long ago a genuine Irish peer who professed to be destitute was on this confidential list, but he has now been removed from it, as he has not been heard of for some time.

Other pleas for parting with cash are based on a request for clothes to enter a sanatorium, aid for crippled sisters, widowed mothers and an appeal to purchase a typewriter (this from a free-lance journalist who sends out cartoons). Selling tickets for concerts for old cab-drivers is somewhat hoary, as are most of the other appeals for aid, but it is still worked. This begging-letter investigation forms only a small proportion of the work of the F.W.A., which handles all the Citizens' Advice Bureaux in Central London, looks after the list of illegitimate children strewn all over the country by American Negro troops during the war, and, above all, handles the case-work done in its District Offices, to which over 16,000 people came in 1948. For while the State is now accepting responsibility for most of the essential needs of life, there are many human problems which cannot be solved merely by money. All sorts of troubles and worries, which endanger family life but have not yet reached the stage where the Probation Officers of the police courts make an appearance, are unaffected by the most extravagant Socialist Acts of Parliament, and it is here that the case-workers of the F.W.A. prove their worth.

The F.W.A. also administers various refugee funds and trusts, looks after old people and trains students for social work. According to its latest statement it, too, is "in the red"; which suggests that some of the money now vested in charities which have been rendered obsolete should be diverted to this virile and conscientious organisation.

At the moment it would appear that the more benevolently-minded members of the public who previously gave annual subscriptions to hospitals which no longer need money have not yet made up their minds what to do. No doubt they will once again start giving money. At the moment, however, they seem to have recoiled. Nor can one blame them in view of the continued state of income tax and surtax, quite apart from the recent capital levy. All of which brings one back to the inevitable conclusion that an Act of Parliament is required to set up a Royal Commission for the investigation of all registered charities with a view to making many of them much more useful than they are to-day.

Where FELTON Assassinated the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM

ITS FUTURE NOW SECURE: Buckingham House, in High Street, Old Portsmouth, the house where George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, was assassinated by John Felton in August 1628, has been bought by Mr. R. A. Thomas, F.R.I.B.A., a local architect, who has restored it for preservation. The earliest information available as regards Buckingham House is mentioned in H. T. Lilley's book on the *Early Portsmouth Defences*, which refers to "le Grehounde" being granted in 1523 to Richard Palschyd, the King's servant. It may be assumed that some parts of the original Greyhound now remain and the rebuilding referred to was carried out in the middle of the sixteenth century, when it was named The Spotted Dog Inn. The house is the only one of the historic residences in the High Street to survive the heavy bombing that devastated Old Portsmouth, and for a long time after the bombing Buckingham House lay derelict. Now, owing to the work of Mr. Thomas, it has been preserved for all time. The restoration work has uncovered many beautiful examples of craftsmanship. For workmen found as they cleaned off layers of Renaissance paint and Regency paper, magnificent Tudor panelling, and behind the Georgian fireplace in one room an open Tudor fireplace came to light

THE PICTURE-GALLERY OF RUDDIGORE CASTLE: Peter Goffin's new set for the second act of the opera, which came back to the repertoire, this season. The pre-war sets and costumes of "Ruddigore," "The Sorcerer," "Princess Ida" and "H.M.S. Pinafore" were destroyed when the D'Oyly Carte Company's store was burnt down during the war. "H.M.S. Pinafore" (also re-dressed) was produced for the first time, since the war, at Sadler's Wells, last July

ELLA HALMAN AS DAME HANNAH AND MARTYN GREEN AS SIR RUTHVEN MURGATROYD IN ACT II OF "RUDDIGORE, OR THE WITCH'S CURSE": Ella Halman joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1937 and for nearly three years she sang in the chorus. After playing the Duchess of Plaza-Toro, at short notice, she made an immediate success and has sung leading contralto parts since the end of 1939. Martyn Green returned to the company after war service in the R.A.F., and has taken up all his pre-war parts—parts which were made famous by the late Sir Henry Lytton

RUDDIGORE, or The Witch's Curse

A Special *Sphere* Section of New Pictures of the Re-dressed Opera

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company are now appearing at the Opera House, Blackpool, and next week go to the Empire Theatre, Croydon. Until the end of April, they will be touring in the provinces and, in the spring, they expect to do a London season. Gilbert and Sullivan opera has been in the news of late for a number of reasons. The death of Rupert D'Oyly Carte and the inheritance of all his rights by his daughter, Miss Bridget D'Oyly Carte (his son was killed in a motor accident before the war), has awakened interest in the future of the copyrights. The suggestion that these should be controlled, after their expiration, by the nation, was the known wish of Rupert D'Oyly Carte and has considerable support in artistic circles. Second, the B.B.C.'s series of Sunday evening broadcasts of the life of Gilbert and Sullivan is having an outstanding success and, thirdly, the present season is graced by an impressive revival of *Ruddigore*, which has not been played since the costumes and scenery were burnt in a blitz in the early days of the war. Peter Goffin has designed the highly effective scenery and costumes, photographs of which appear on this and the following three pages of this special section of THE SPHERE. He has advanced the period of the costumes a few years to make them more becoming.

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"RUDDIGORE, OR THE WITCH'S CURSE,"

A SPECIAL "SPHERE" SECTION OF PICTURES OF THE D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY'S NEW PRODUCTION

ELLA HALMAN AS DAME HANNAH IN ACT I OF "RUDDIGORE": Miss Halman was born in Sussex. At eighteen she won the Sussex County Scholarship and she then studied singing for several years at the Brighton School of Music. Her operatic career began with the Carl Rosa Company

DARRELL FANCOURT AS SIR RODERIC MURGATROYD: The twenty-first Baronet steps down impressively from his picture-frame. The celebrated bass-baritone has been with the D'Oyly Carte Company since 1920 and has been a prominent member of the Company since he first joined. In his early days he studied singing in Germany for eight years

PAULINE HOWARD AS MAD MARGARET: In her first important role Pauline Howard has a costume entirely different from the traditional "village Ophelia" dress of Mad Margaret. Peter Goffin has designed her costume in period with the other female characters. Her madness is expressed in the colours used and the touches of disarray

MARGARET MITCHELL AS ROSE MAYBUD: Peter Goffin has dressed the new production a little later than has been done in earlier revivals, and the women's dresses are more becoming with their longer waistline and bell-shaped skirts. Margaret Mitchell makes a charming village maiden. She is one of the principal sopranos of the Company

LEONARD OSBORN AS RICHARD DAUNTLESS: Sir Ruthven's foster-brother—"a Man-o'-war's-man"—is played by Leonard Osborn, who joined the Company in 1937 and who rejoined in 1946 after serving with the R.A.F. and attaining the rank of Flight-Lieutenant. He shares the tenor roles with Thomas Round

RADLEY FLYNN AS OLD ADAM GOODHEART IN THE FIRST ACT OF "RUDDIGORE": Radley Flynn has been with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company for several years, playing small parts. The new production of "Ruddigore" gives him his first important role

OLD ADAM GOODHEART AND ROBIN OAKAPPLE: Martyn Green as Robin Oakapple (on right) in the first act, before he has been changed by the witch's curse from his adopted role of a country yokel into Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd, the cursed heirdom he had hoped to avoid. Radley Flynn plays his old servant

THE FISHING VILLAGE OF REDERRING: The chorus of Fisher Girls in Act I. They are dressed in shades of deep blue for the new production. Although the period is that of the Napoleonic Wars, Mr. Goffin has gone forward a little in time to give his ladies the more becoming dresses of the period and to dress his "Bucks and Blades" in the full splendour of the Regency

RICHARD WATSON AS SIR DESPARD MURGATROYD AND LEONARD OSBORN AS RICHARD: Richard Watson plays the bad baronet who was released from the witch's curse when his elder brother, rightful heir to the baronetcy, was discovered posing as Robin Oakapple. Watson, a bass baritone, was a student in Adelaide and rejoined the Company in 1948

"RUDDIGORE, OR THE WITCH'S CURSE,"

A SPECIAL "SPHERE" SECTION OF PICTURES OF THE D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY'S NEW PRODUCTION

"EVERY DAY AS THE YEARS ROLL ON, BRIDESMAIDS' COSTUMES GAILY DON": THE CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS IN ACT I OF "RUDDIGORE." Peter Goffin has dressed them in white organdie trimmed with diagonal stripes of pink. They wear bonnets and veils of periwinkle blue. *Below*—THE CHORUS OF ANCESTORS IN THE SECOND ACT. In the new production, a definite colour scheme has been given to the House of Ruddigore, chief colours of which are Ruddigore scarlet and Ruddigore green, and there are also a Ruddigore pink and a deep crimson. Mr. Goffin has designed clever variations with these colours, contriving a dashing effect for the Wicked Baronet of Act I and a comically wicked one for Robin Oakapple's dramatic metamorphosis

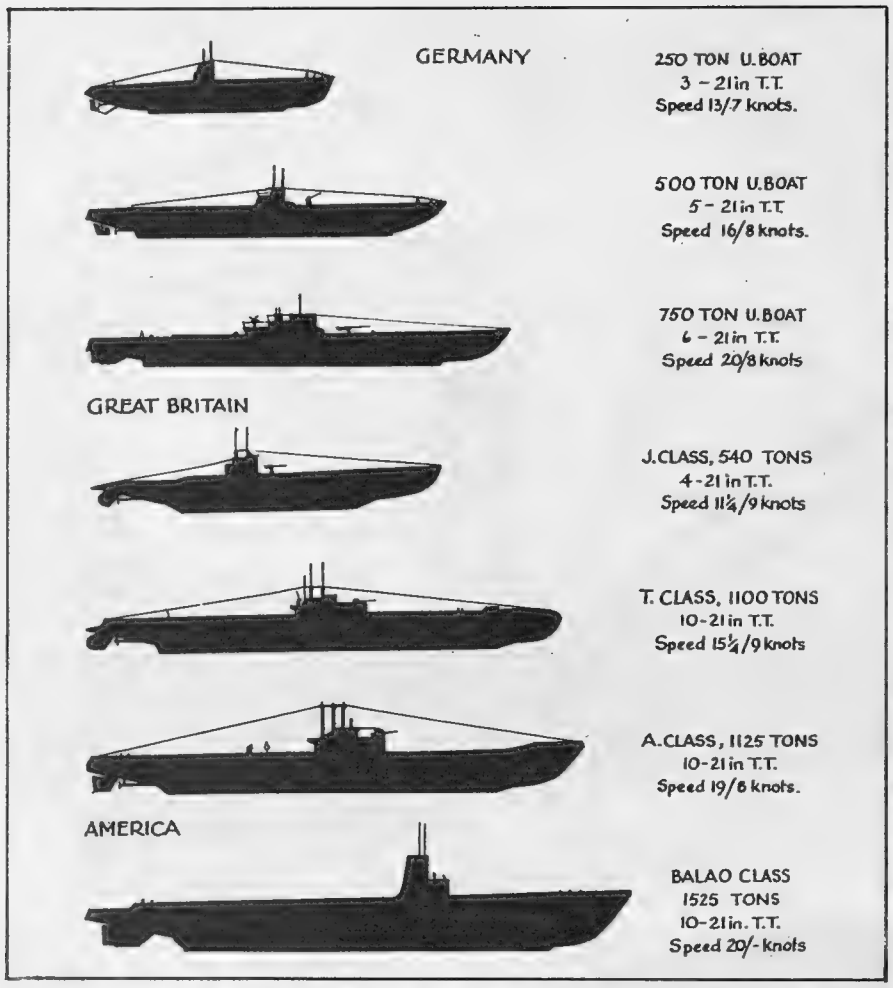
CUTTING OUT THE OVERBURDEN : The Bucyrus Erie Excavator which has been brought from Milwaukee, U.S.A., to Ewart's Hill, near Bedlington, Newcastle, where it will help to lift 28,000,000 cub. yds. of overburden in opening up the open-cast workings where there is a potential field of 3,000,000 tons of coal. The Bucyrus Erie walking excavator is able to take 25 tons at one bite. It weighs 1,100 tons

25 TONS IN ONE BITE

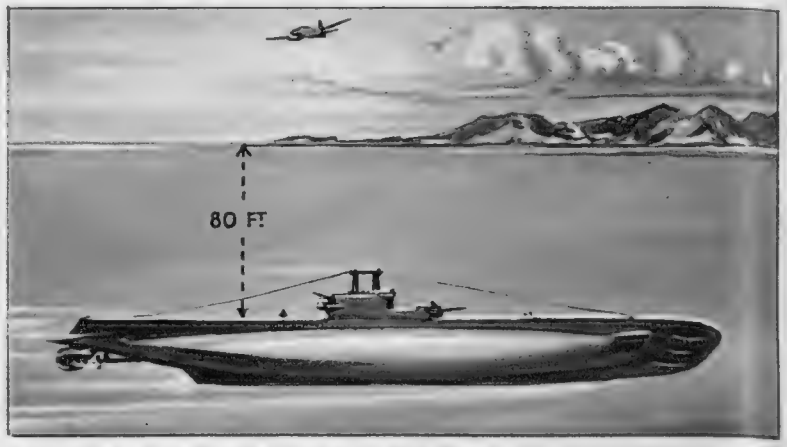
A Gigantic Excavator Brought Into Action in the Northern Coal-fields

There is a five-years task ahead of the walking monster which has just been installed on the open-cast site at Ewart's Hill, near Newcastle, and when it is completed as much as 3,000,000 tons of coal may have been put to the nation's credit. First of all the Bucyrus Erie Excavator, which has been brought specially from Milwaukee for the task, will have to strip away the overburden from the outcrop coal. The excavator will work in three shifts throughout the twenty-four hours of the day, and its derrick is fitted with powerful lamps so that the work can proceed during the hours of darkness. The excavator moves forward a yard at a stride, vibrating the earth around it as it goes. It towers above the surrounding countryside, and it is already quite a well-known landmark in the Newcastle district.

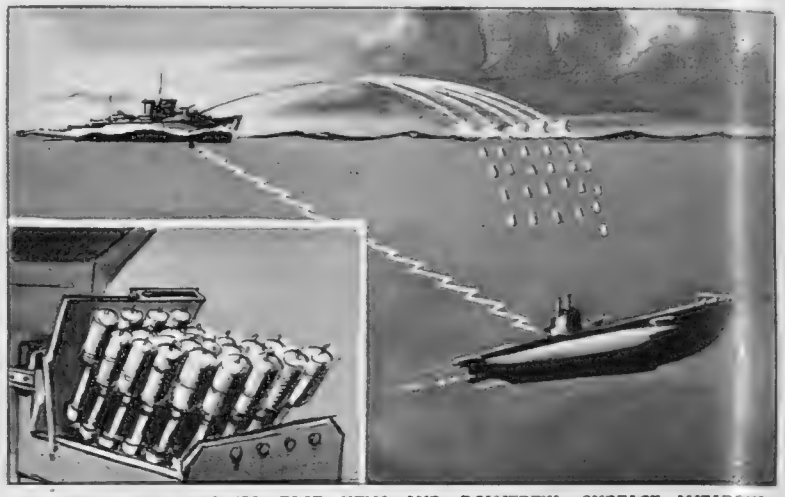
THE BUCYRUS ERIE EXCAVATOR AND ITS GIANT MAW : *Left*—A general view of the vast piece of equipment on the site at Ewart's Hill, near Newcastle. *Right*—Running repairs to the scoop, which takes 25 tons. The excavator can take fifty bites to the hour, and when travelling at full speed between areas of operation can traverse one mile in ten hours. A special power plant supplies the electricity on an American 60-cycles frequency



THE MAIN CHARACTERISTICS OF THE LEADING SUBMARINES : Three German types, as used at the end of the war, are shown at the top of the drawing, and at the bottom are the British "A" class and the American Balao class. The "A" class produced *Alliance* and *Ambush*, which, it will be remembered, remained submerged for record periods during 1947-48. The Balao class is virtually standardised in the American Navy as regards dimensions, but some of the later models have been the subject of important experiments, notably *Cusk*, armed with guided missiles, *Barbero*, equipped to carry cargo, *Sealion* and *Perch*, fitted as troop carriers, and *Tyrone*, modified for radar picket duties. Some of the Balao-class vessels are now streamlined, among them being the U.S.S. *Corporal*

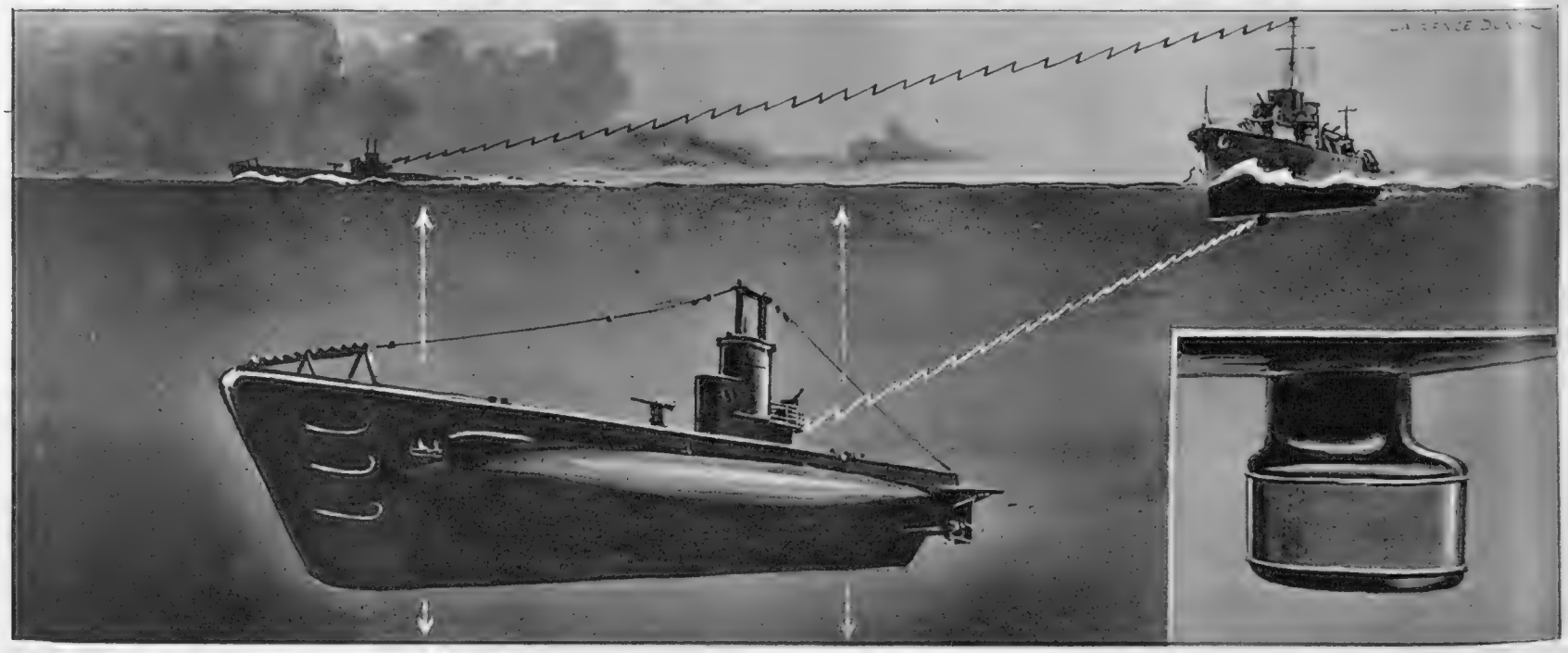


SUBMERSION IS NOT PROOF AGAINST DETECTION : A submarine can be detected from an aircraft when it is as much as 80 ft. below the surface, and this is especially so in such clear waters as the Mediterranean. There is no gainsaying the fact that the submarine is very much more dangerous now that it is fitted with the Snort underwater breathing apparatus, enabling it to remain submerged for long periods at a time

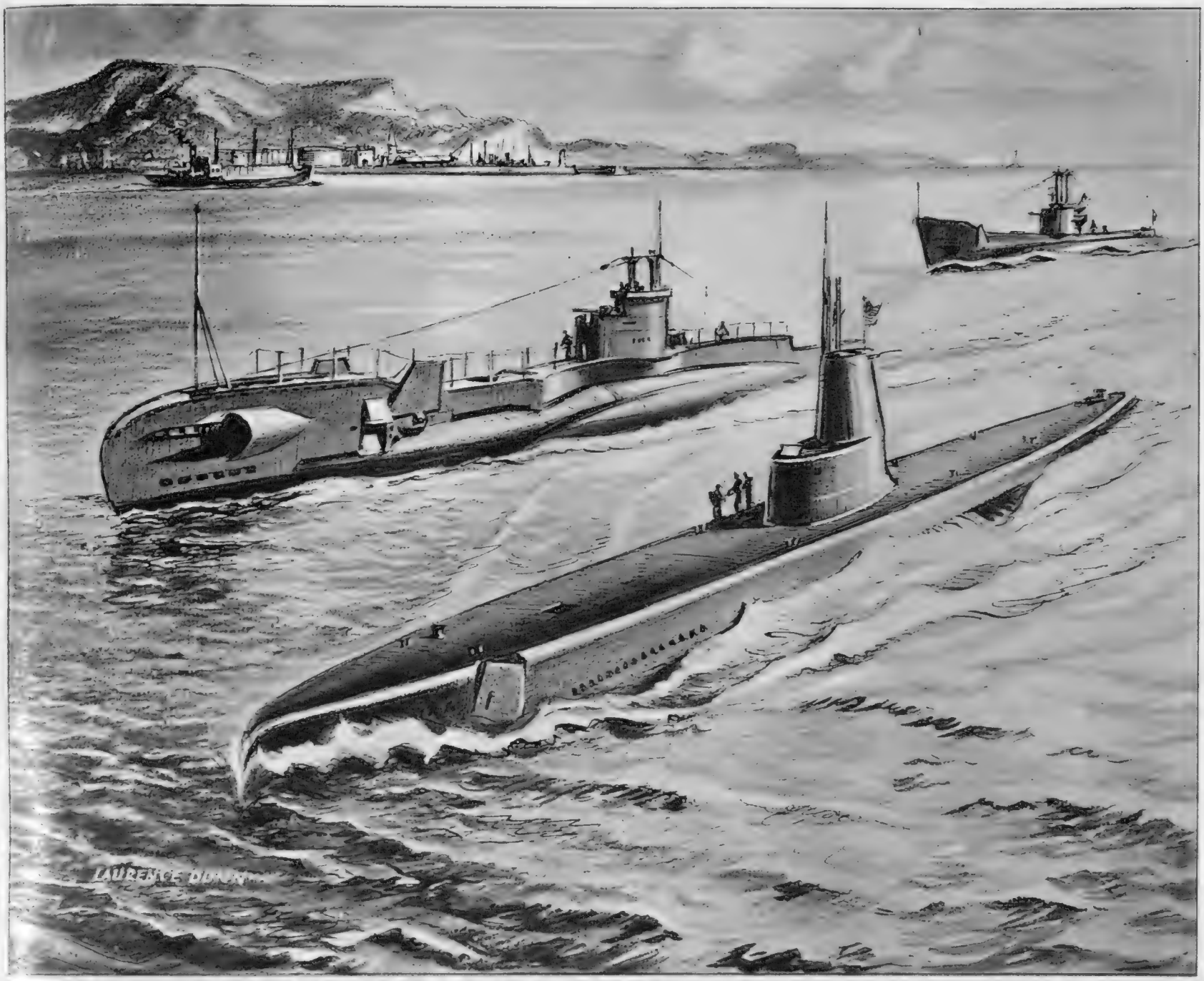


THE SUBMARINE HAS TO FACE NEW AND POWERFUL SURFACE WEAPONS : One of these weapons is the hedgehog mortar, which has largely superseded the depth-charge so familiar in the Second World War. The hedgehog consists of a battery of twenty-four charges which are fired simultaneously to drop in a circular pattern round the target. They are set to explode at given depths beneath the surface

THE SNORT AND RADAR, TWO NEW WEAPONS FOR AND AGAINST THE SUBMARINE : A night attack on a submarine in progress. Before radar a submarine on patrol would normally remain submerged at about periscope depth during the day and surface at night to charge her batteries. If it was a dark night there was little fear of detection from above. The fitting of radar to aircraft completely altered the situation, as the radar screen would record the floating object, night or day. The Schnorkel device was the only means of overcoming this problem



ASDIC AND THE SUBMARINE—THE PROBLEMS THAT CONFRONT A SUBMARINE COMMANDER WHEN PURSUING SURFACE CRAFT ARE AT CLOSE QUARTERS. On the surface the submarine has the advantage of a more equal speed, but her course and position will be betrayed by radar, yet if she submerges her speed will fall to about half and the pursuer's asdic will record her movements. The only means of avoiding asdic detection will be to stop all engines—both main and auxiliary. But a submarine cannot stay submerged indefinitely. Unless she is under way she will after a few minutes either rise to the surface or sink too deep. Inset is a close-up of the asdic dome showing how it projects below the hull of a pursuing craft



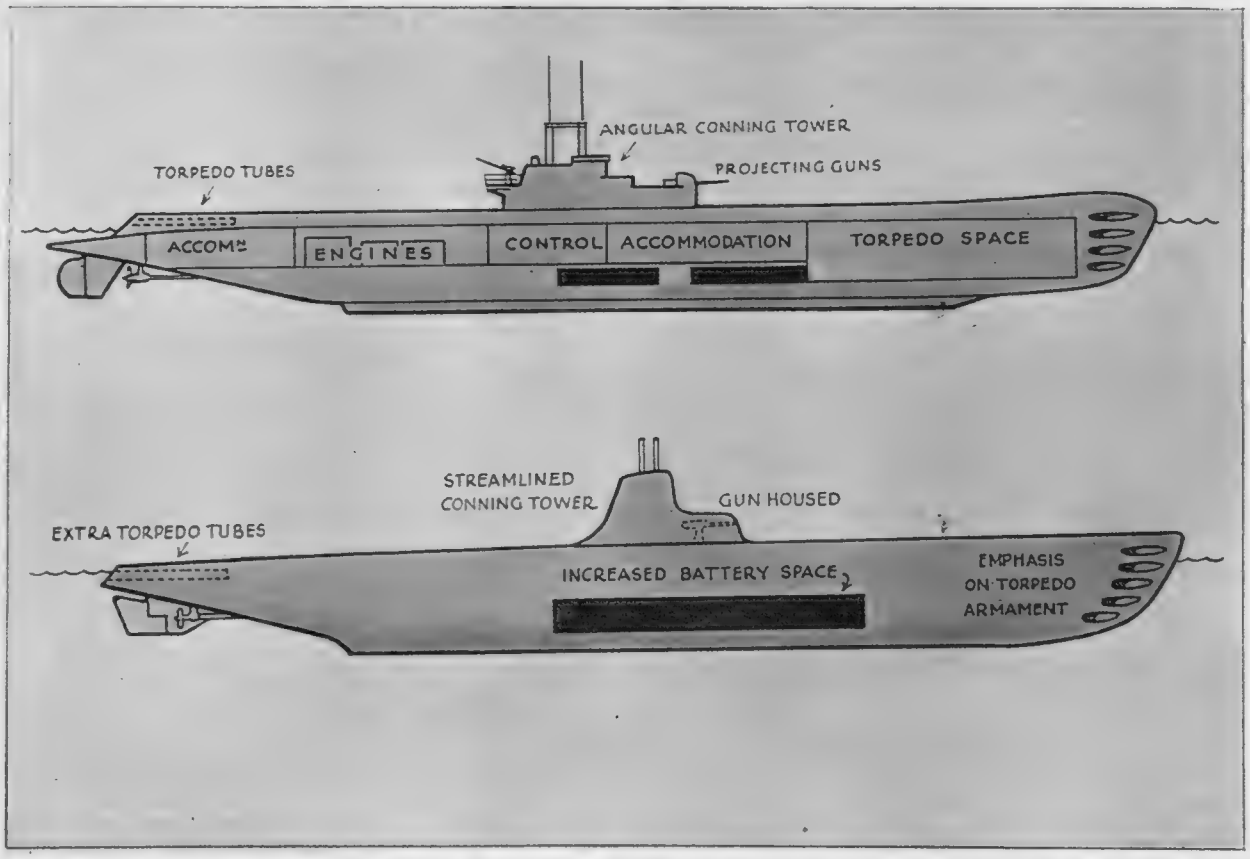
BRITISH AND AMERICAN SILHOUETTES IN UNDERWATER CRAFT: The great contrast in appearance between British and American submarines. The U.S.S. *Corporal* of the 1,525-ton Balao class (right) abreast a British vessel of the "T" class (left). The *Corporal* is one of many war-built craft which have been given a more streamlined exterior. Submarines so altered are known as "Guppys," from the name of the programme under which they were altered. In the distance on the right is one of the "A" class, Britain's latest type

THE FUTURE OF THE SUBMARINE

America Streamlines and Speeds Up Her New Models

Undoubtedly the submarine is going to occupy a far more important place in the world's navies of the future, and naval authorities envisage the day when submarines are completely submersible and engage in underwater duels with each other. It has recently been announced that the Canadian Defence Department is making arrangements for the building in Canada of a new type of anti-submarine escort vessel, which will have the speed, manœuvrability and equipment needed to combat the fastest submarines. The invention of the Schnorkel offset many of the advantages gained through radar, and a lone submarine never surfacing, and at most only showing its Schnorkel, will be a very difficult quarry to track down. It seems that we may only count on the development of existing forms of detection—visual sight and radar if on the surface, and asdic for the submerged craft. It is worth remembering, however, that if reliance is put on Diesel engines exhausting through the Schnorkel, a high speed will call for a large exhaust, which will cause more surface disturbance than a slim periscope. Modern U.S. practice is to fit the maximum number of batteries of the lightest yet most efficient type. These, kept topped up, will be ready for use when the tactical moment arrives.

(Drawings by Laurence Dunn)



THE STREAMLINED HULL GIVES IMPROVED UNDERWATER PERFORMANCE: A submarine incorporating features to be expected in the new American design (below) compared with a British type which was in general combat during the war. The American vessel has increased battery space, giving higher speed and greater cruising range when under water

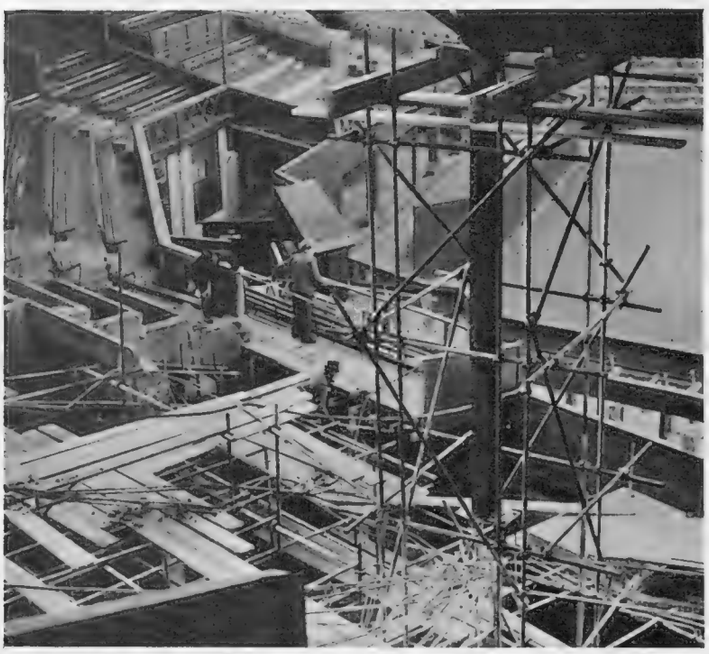
A Pictorial Survey

MAINLY FROM LONDON and the HOME COUNTIES

IDLE TUGS IN THE THAMES ESTUARY: A number of freighters, including food ships, were held up at the entrance to the Port of London by the decision of 400 tugmen to go out on an unofficial strike. The tugmen stopped work in protest against their hours of work. They declare that, under present conditions, they often have to work for 80 or 90 hours a week. The strike came as a surprise, the men suddenly deciding on strike action, despite the fact that their claims for an amelioration of working conditions had already been put forward through the Union, and were being considered by the London Tugowners' Association. Last Friday the tugmen decided by the narrow margin of 123 votes to 117 to return to work pending negotiations

THIS LOT OF FOUR PAINTINGS SOLD FOR TEN SHILLINGS: Crowding round are possible buyers in the London auction rooms, where Royal Academy "white elephants" have been offered. Some 400 unclaimed pictures have been disposed of. Most of them were bought for their frames

THE R.A. DISPOSES OF ITS "WHITE ELEPHANTS": A unique sale has been held by the Royal Academy at the showrooms of a London firm of art auctioneers. It consisted of more than 400 paintings, the work of artists who have sent them in for exhibition during the last twenty years. Unclaimed by their owners, the "white elephants" were stored in the Academy. Now, in the biggest clean-out since the 1920's, the paintings have been auctioned in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, and in this picture visitors to the auction are seen viewing some of the unclaimed masterpieces

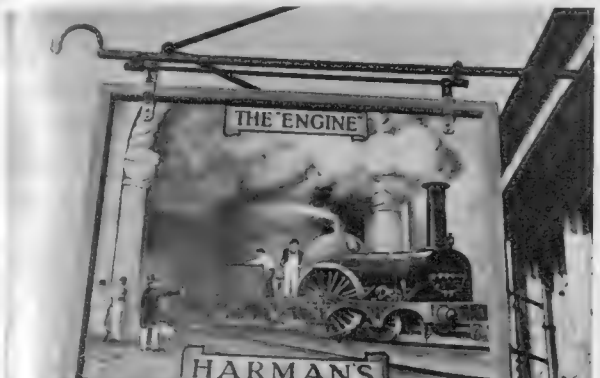


WIMBLEDON, 1949—PREPARING THE BLITZED CORNER OF THE FAMED CENTRE COURT: Approximately 1,200 additional seats will be made available for the Lawn Tennis Championships next June as a result of work which is now in progress on the All-England ground. The gaping hole in the south-east corner, caused by a direct hit by a bomb during the war, is being repaired, and the seats are being replaced. The Centre Court capacity will be about 20,000 when the work is completed

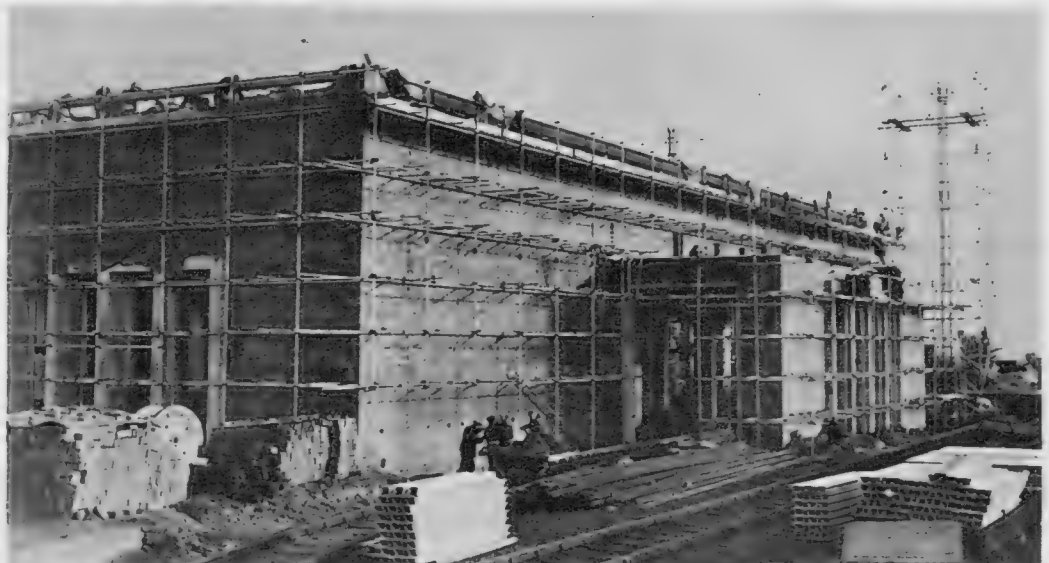
THE PROGRESS OF THE NEW ROYAL OBSERVATORY NOW RISING IN THE GROUNDS OF HISTORIC HURSTMONCEAUX CASTLE, SUSSEX: Progress on construction work is not well advanced, and the process of transferring the many departments from the old site at Greenwich and elsewhere, and bringing them together at Hurstmonceaux, is proving unexpectedly protracted. The transfer to Hurstmonceaux has become necessary because the passing of centuries had seen London engulf the village of Greenwich, bringing smoke and pollution and decreasing the possibilities of first-class observation

MR. ATTLEE'S NEW COUNTRY HOME: Cherry Cottage, near Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire, which the Prime Minister is buying from Mr. Peter Stedall at a cost of £9,500. The house has a pleasant garden, but no extensive grounds. Only a few miles away is Chequers, lying in a fold of the hills west of Wendover, the official home of the Prime Minister. It has been known for some time past that Mr. Attlee has been desirous of purchasing for himself a property in the Chilterns

WREN'S TEMPLE BAR MAY RETURN TO THE CITY OF LONDON: The famous gateway which now stands at the entrance to Theobalds Park, Waltham Cross. A hint that Temple Bar may return to the City was given recently by the Chief Commoner, Mr. Humphrey Morris. Temple Bar once stood at the entrance to the City of London by the Law Courts in the Strand until modern traffic necessitated its removal. It has been at Theobalds Park since 1888, having been erected by Sir Henry Meux. Up to 1772 it was customary to exhibit from Temple Bar the heads of those who had been executed for certain specific acts



"ACHERON" BELCHES STEAM AND SMOKE: This new inn sign, depicting "Acheron," the well-known G.W.R. broad-gauge locomotive built in 1842, now hangs outside the Engine public-house at West Drayton, Middlesex. The sign was painted by a seventy-eight-year-old sign-artist, Mr. William McKechnie, who has been officially congratulated by British Railways, Western Region, on his admirable representation of the locomotive. Mr. McKechnie lives in West Drayton



MORE POWER FOR THE PRINCIPALITY: The first section of a mighty new generating plant in South Wales. This £15,000,000 power station now under construction for the British Electricity Authority at Burry Port, near Llanelly, will, when completed, have amongst its equipment two turbines each driving a three-phase 50-cycle alternator of 52,000 kilowatts capacity, and five boiler units each having a maximum continuous evaporating capacity of 240,000 lb. of steam per hour. The plans for the power station were laid before the war by Captain H. G. Merrick, of London. It is designed to feed into the grid system and to be the key of industrial development in the tin-plate and coal-mining industries of South and West Wales. It is estimated that the power station will take ten years to complete. The site is 220 acres, and the first section should be finished by 1950. The architectural adviser is Sir Percy Thomas

IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE GROUNDS TO-DAY: The overgrown terraces, once the scene of monster firework displays and other festivities. Plans for partially restoring Crystal Palace as a sports centre for South London are to be put into operation at once at a cost of £30,000. Football pitches, running and cycle tracks, tennis courts and a cricket ground are among the proposals agreed by the Palace Trustees at their last meeting: 70 acres are already opened to the public and a further 160 acres are to be added. A Speedway firm have offered to spend £5,000 on preparing a track if the Trustees will allow them to hire out the ground

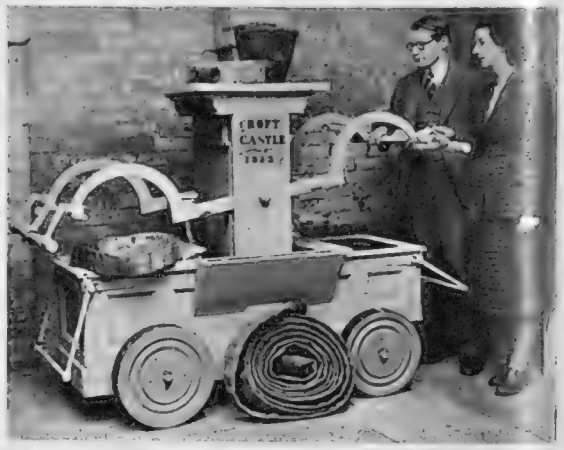
PLOUGH SUNDAY AT BRIGHTON: Dr. Bell, Bishop of Chichester, performs the annual ceremony of blessing the plough at the Parish Church of St. Peter. The plough was taken straight from the fields of a Sussex farm and brought in procession from the Royal Pavilion by members of the West and East Sussex County Federations of Young Farmers' Clubs. The ceremony was attended by the Mayor of Brighton. From ancient times Plough Monday, first Monday after Twelfth Day, has been so-called because it was held to mark the end of Christmas holidays

A CASTLE TO LET

The Ancient Home of the Crofts Awaits a Tenant

WITH OVER 1,000 YEARS OF RECORDED HISTORY, CROFT CASTLE IS NOW TO LET: Ten centuries ago, before the Norman Conquest, Bernard de Croft lived at Croft Castle, Kingsland, Herefordshire. To-day, with only two servants to care for fifty rooms, the present Lord Croft announces that if he finds a tenant better able to look after the place, Croft Castle is to let. Lord Croft, however, is not permanently giving up his family seat

There is not a county in England where castles and great mansions are not upon the market or already put to uses which would have surprised their ancestral occupants. There are many folk in the West Country, however, who will be surprised and grieved at the news that ancient Croft Castle is to rent, for it has been in the family for the greater part of ten centuries and has links with every notable period in English history. One Croft fought in the Wars of the Roses; another was Controller of Queen Elizabeth's household; a third, Edward Croft, represented Leinster in Parliament; and a fourth, James Croft the Elder, was also a servant of Elizabeth. It was in 1786 that Croft Castle passed out of the family, Sir Archer Croft, the third baronet, having sold it. In 1923 Sir James Croft, the eleventh baronet, bought back Croft Castle, and for the last quarter of a century it has remained in the family. The present Lord Croft is determined to keep Croft Castle in the family. He is a working director of a firm of maltsters in the Home Counties. While he is away he will retain a cottage on the estate to maintain his connection with the land. Anyone who rents Croft Castle will have to maintain twenty-one bedrooms, four bathrooms, two drawing-rooms and a domestic wing



THE OLD FIRE-FIGHTER AT CROFT CASTLE: Lord and Lady Croft with the 100-year-old equipment which is still in use at the Castle. Lord and Lady Croft were married last October. Lady Croft is the only daughter of the sixth Marquess Conyngham of Slane Castle, Meath

THE TOMB OF SIR RICHARD CROFT AND HIS WIFE, ELEANOR, IN CROFT CHURCH, ADJOINING THE CASTLE: The estate foreman, Mr. Price, is seen in the picture *on the right*, strolling outside the church. Sir Richard Croft (not to be confused with that other Sir Richard Croft, the ill-fated Royal accoucheur) fought in the Wars of the Roses and was at the Battle of Mortimer Cross in 1461. He was treasurer to King Henry VII. Sir Richard died in 1509

AN ANGLO-SAXON LINK: The north wall of the nave of St. Andrew's Church, Greensted, Essex, believed to be the oldest Anglo-Saxon wooden church, for which a restoration appeal has been launched. The timbering of this wall is formed from trees 1,000 years old

LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR IN THE WOODEN CHURCH: The chancel is of brick and was added in the Tudor period when the upper part of the nave was also modified

THE CHURCH ENTRANCE ON THE SOUTH OF ST. ANDREW'S: It has been suggested that the nave is the timber chapel in which St. Edmund's body remained for a night on the way to its resting-place at Bury St. Edmunds. It is the nave which is formed of the sliced tree-trunks

THE WOODEN TOWER OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, SHROUDED WITH SCAFFOLDING: The tower was added in the seventeenth century, and it is this which now has to be substantially repaired at considerable cost. In view of the fact that the local population is as low as 200, a general appeal has been launched

Just outside Ongar, Essex, at Greensted, stands the little church famed for its walls of half tree-trunks. These are about 1½ ft. in diameter, split at each end to let them into a sill at the bottom and into a plank at the top, where they are fastened with wooden pegs. These tree-trunks are about 1,000 years old and are believed to form the oldest Anglo-Saxon wooden church. They are now much corroded and worn by long exposure. On the south side of the nave there are sixteen trunks and two door-posts, and on the north twenty-one; they form the only original fabric now remaining intact. Throughout the centuries additions have been made to the small timber building, which is dedicated to St. Andrew, and it is one of these additions, the wooden tower built about 250 years ago, which is causing the Rector and Church Council to appeal to a wider public, the local population only amounting to about 200, for funds to cover the cost of restoration. The wooden shingles forming the turrets of the tower have now worn out.

New Lamps and Old

CAPITALIST "IRON," DEMOCRATIC "MESH-WIRE"

Some Thoughts on the New London

By JOHN GORE

"RUS IN URBE."—At least until the Edwardian Age the chief charm of a London house largely depended on its proximity to open spaces and to greenery, and its possession of a private garden. Indeed, it was not until Sunderland House was built for the Duchess of Marlborough—beautiful, grand and expensive, but lacking even a catwalk—that that principle was abandoned. It used to be a stimulating subject of drawing-room conversation to catalogue in order of charm the nicest houses to live in in London. Holland House, now in ruins and threatened with dismemberment, usually received first mention, but, in truth, it only qualified as a town house from the day of the motor-car and bus. For when the formidable Lady Holland reigned there, it was definitely a country house, with a muddy country lane between it and Hyde Park Corner to test the devotion of "Madagascar's" chosen dinner guests, and it was still inconveniently remote from Mayfair in the last years of horse-drawn traffic. Lansdowne and Devonshire Houses, sharing their two charming gardens between Berkeley Square and Piccadilly, behind grim brown walls, were always in the first dozen, although Spencer House and Bridgewater House in St. James's, overlooking Green Park, were even more rural and retired and central. Stafford House, now Lancaster House, had a fair-sized garden, too, and access to two parks, and the favoured few houses in Carlton Gardens were usually in the list.

LONDON'S NEW GALLERY OF BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES : Hutchinson House, Stratford Place, the former Derby House, which has been chosen to accommodate the magnificent collection of sporting prints and paintings which Mr. Walter Hutchinson is giving to the nation. Mr. Hutchinson and Professor John Wheatley, A.R.A., recently conducted Queen Mary round the new gallery, showing Her Majesty the latest acquisition, a masterpiece by Stubbs. The house was the residence of the late Lord Derby, first Ambassador in Paris and War Secretary. One of the finest rooms in Hutchinson House is the ballroom, and there Professor Wheatley, the gallery's director, has hung the 41,000-guinea Constable, which is regarded as the pride of the collection

Mayfair offered Crewe House, and Park Lane, Dorchester and Grosvenor Houses, and Knightsbridge the French Embassy.

Of houses less than palaces, there was usually a mention of the Ranger's Lodge in Hyde Park, long occupied by Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, with its charming garden, musical with the song of birds and the noise of waterfowl on the Serpentine, and some had a word for that shabby row at Knightsbridge overlooking the Park, in one of which Wilkie Collins wrote his novels. There were great Victorian mansions behind Kensington Palace, in very rural settings. Millais had one of them, and many a merchant prince became his neighbour. Campden Hill possessed half-a-dozen "country estates in miniature."

The Governor's house in Chelsea Hospital was always in the list, and many other smaller houses in Chelsea overlooking the river and the Herb garden were candidates.

Unsuspected by passers-by in Bayswater buses was the great open space where poor Yorick lies buried and where an archery club used to meet, which gave rustic charm and peace to a row of houses in Albion Street. Regent's Park possessed half-a-dozen real country houses, complete with nightingales and hayfields, to complete the havoc caused by the debutantes' bright eyes, when the London Season was in full swing. And there was a great deal of charm, dignity and peace in those favoured houses which backed on St. James's Park in Queen Anne's Gate. Except in our vulgarest, most commercial phases, "*Rus in urbe*" has usually been an ideal promised by planners and governments and hoped for by the humblest town dweller.

Our National Vice.—War, the leveller, laid flat acres of bricks and concrete, and gave a hint of what Everyman's London might again become, a dream of Caroline Whitehall with its orchards and singing birds; and the voice of the planner confirmed those hopes.

What use, then, will be made of the bombed areas and the little catwalks behind rows and rows of condemned or empty terraces? Much of the bombed area is valued in terms of £'s per square inch, and it is unlikely that a bankrupt State could afford to buy such sites in bulk for public amenity. Indeed, experience already suggests the very opposite. The planners are already laying impious hands on old or accepted green belts. The fate of the old residential square-gardens and the catwalks behind Victorian terraces is interesting speculation and instructive experience. The cry of "down with the barricades" in reference to the great square-gardens of Mayfair and Belgravia, then solely reserved for golden lads and lasses, was first heard at the end of the Edwardian era. It sounded a good, a just, slogan. The World Wars succeeded, where political reformers had failed, in levelling those iron railings; and after the war, the gardens were, here and there, restored to some order and for a while were open to the public without barriers. With what result? In a matter of weeks the public had "killed the thing they love," trampled the new grass, littered the paths, destroyed the plants, stolen the flowers. As a result, a Socialist Government replaced Victorian "capitalist" iron with democratic mesh-wire. We are a great race, but we have a failing, and, oddly enough, it is (like the grouse) peculiar to these islands. We cannot resist desecrating our heritage of beauty wherever it be and of whatever kind. We must scribble on old walls, cut and hack old trees, litter beauty spots and trample down lawns and flower-beds. It is all the individuality left us, all the personal initiative which has survived thirty years of regimentation. In Canada and the United States of America, private gardens are seldom hedged, community gardens are for the most part respected. In European capitals and towns, public gardens would seem to have a chance of survival. But not with us.

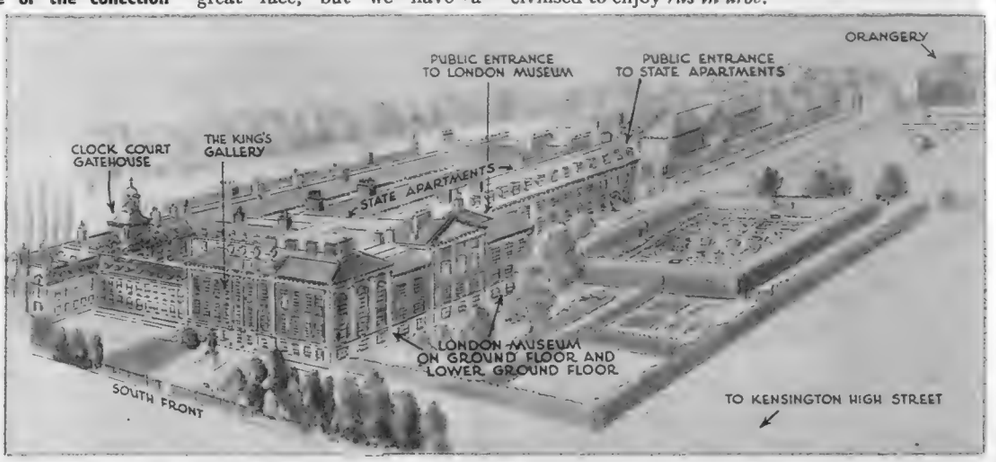
Return of the Barricades.—But for this little weakness, one might urge that when the new flats and maisonnettes replace one day the dingy stuccoed terraces of empty houses, the annexed catwalks were better thrown together into a strip or belt of greenery common to all the terrace and maintained economically by a single gardener for the enjoyment of all. But I doubt if even fifty years of better education will eradicate our native vandalism, and while it persists, practice and experience, official and private, will insist on the retention of the bad, old restrictive practices of Victorianism. The barricades will be restored and the catwalks be still annexed individually, to be made or marred by individual owners, this one a dump of refuse, that one a tiny poem, the blue-print of a dream.

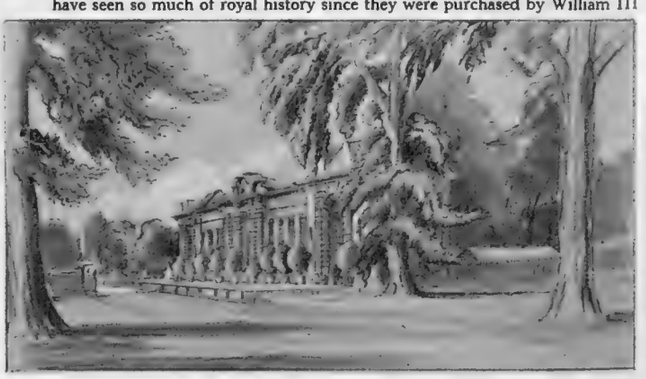
That the London of the future will have but a percentage of the green spaces and amenity, so poetically foreshadowed by planners only three years ago, is, I think, quite certain.

Official plan and performance have never so swiftly, so markedly, revealed their variance as in the matter of replanning the London that suffered in the Blitz.

In old days the enemy was vulgar exploitation by capitalist initiative, go-as-you-please, lack of official control. Planning became the cry and trump card in Whitehall three or four years ago. But at the moment London, which admittedly is in sore need of houses, seems likely to lose rather than gain in natural amenity, to judge by what is afoot in Putney, Campden Hill, and elsewhere. They manage things better in Melbourne.

Perhaps the Government has come to the conclusion that Londoners are not yet sufficiently civilised to enjoy *rus in urbe*.





KENSINGTON PALACE TO BE THE TEMPORARY HOME OF THE LONDON MUSEUM : An artist's impression of the celebrated group of buildings which have seen so much of royal history since they were purchased by William III

THE CLOCK HOUSE AND THE ORANGERY : Two more impressions of Kensington Palace, new home of the London Museum. The Orangery, built by Wren for Queen Caroline in 1704, is considered one of the finest existing examples of eighteenth-century brickwork—*Special Sphere drawings by Percy Home*

The lease of Lancaster House to the London Museum has not been terminated, it was explained in Parliament last month, but for some years now the Foreign Office has used Lancaster House for conferences. It has now been decided that the Museum shall have 15,000 sq. ft. of exhibition space in Kensington Palace and the necessary alterations will be begun in the spring. They will probably be completed some time during the present year at a cost of £25,000.

Kensington Palace, which William III purchased from Lord Chancellor Heneage Finch, was the residence of William III until his death in 1702 and of Queen Mary until her death in 1694. Queen Anne was another resident, and it was there that the last meeting took place with her erstwhile bosom friend Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. The coleric George II died at Kensington Palace in 1760. A later resident was Edward Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria

THE HOGARTH PUPPETS

Jan Bussell and Ann Hogarth's Entertainment at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

The Hogarth Puppets did a season at the Lyric Hammersmith, last month. Ann Hogarth, a descendant of the great painter, and her husband, Jan Bussell, take their puppets through a variety of intricate actions with the aid of two assistants. Besides the puppet performance, an ingenious shadow show is played, small coloured silhouettes appearing in the semi-circular opening above the stage. The Hogarth Puppets were started in 1932 and they have toured Great Britain and Europe with considerable success, besides being seen on television. The puppets are all made by Jan Bussell and Ann Hogarth and there are over 200 different models.

A THEATRE WITHIN A THEATRE: Setting the stage for a performance of the Hogarth Puppets during Jan Bussell's and Ann Hogarth's short season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, last month. The illusion is well sustained by the arrangement of placing the stage between the walls of a toy auditorium and having puppet spectators enter the boxes before the performance begins

PUPPETS GRACE THE FRONT BOX: These comic little types take their seats, study the audience and examine their programmes, before settling down for the show

JAN BUSSELL AND HIS BOYS OPEN THE SHOW: The puppet players are cleverly co-ordinated with gramophone records and each appears to perform a solo

CHILDREN GO BACK-STAGE AT THE PUPPET THEATRE: Jan Bussell explains the working of the puppets to an interested young audience. The puppets vary from the musicians of a jazz band to toy soldiers and animals

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE HOGARTH PUPPET SHOW: Jan Bussell and Ann Hogarth with two assistants are seen controlling the band. A number of amusing scenes are enacted, including fairy stories and ending with a circus, with a weight-lifter, acrobatic act, and performing lion, seal and dogs

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

MISS WARFIELD'S TRAGI-COMEDY

The Autobiography of One who has had to Face Deafness as the Central Fact of Her Existence

I FOUND Miss Frances Warfield's autobiography, THERE'S NO NEED TO SHOUT (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), quite the most enchanting thing I read this week, in its humour, its honesty and the underlying pathos which is never allowed to intrude or to set the mood for the life-story. Miss Warfield, who is still young, writes of the central fact of her existence, which might have turned that life into a tragedy or, at least, a misery. From the time she was a child, she was deaf. Not completely, but enough to make conversations torment to her, and enough to make her list a dozen ways of avoiding discovery, for her time was spent not in trying to hear what people said, so much as trying to prevent them from finding out that she *couldn't* hear.

The ingenuity was extreme, and although Miss Warfield lists the ruses lightheartedly enough, the perpetual strain that they must have represented, make it far from comic reading. Some of the inevitable misunderstandings, of course, were deliciously funny, and it as such that the writer retails them. There was the English steward who, on a rough crossing, and in answer to an anxious question, seemed to say: "Chauncey is rocking the boat," when he had really said that chances were rather remote. And the concert review, dictated to her by telephone, which stated that the orchestra leader had conducted with all the brilliance of a house committee, when Toscanini should have been the final word.

It took courage to live the first part of this author's life, and it has taken perfect taste and real wit to write an account of it.

BRANGWYN'S PILGRIMAGE (Chapman and Hall. 35s.) is a volume of quasi-biography or, better, of reported memoirs and conversations by Count William de Belleroche, who knows the artist well, and has a knack of catching, as it seems, the manner of speech as accurately as Sir Frank Brangwyn himself has caught the mood of the book in his own line illustrations to it. Augustus John made a special drawing of Brangwyn to be used as a frontispiece.

A THRESHOLD IN THE SUN (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.) is the autobiography of a cosmopolitan character. Mr. Lloyd Morris was born in New York in the '90's: was just old enough to have been caught by the war of 1914 on a European trip, and to have got enough of a taste for living in the old world to be one of a number of young Americans who migrated to Paris in the '20's. Not only did he become the intimate friend of certain of his fellow-expatriates who subsequently became famous, but he seems to have known most of the prominent poets, writers and artists of that period, including such diverse characters as James Joyce, Isadore Duncan and Picasso. This is a rewarding book to read, but its enjoyment is not enhanced by its production with exiguous margins which do not add to one's reading comfort.

The Sunday speakers at Marble Arch have always seemed to offer such a rich field for the novelist's craft that I am surprised that they have not been used more often as a subject for satire. Mr. John Watney, it must be said, has realised the possibilities of these open-air tub-thumpers to the full, and his novel THE UNEXPECTED ANGEL (Collins. 8s. 6d.) really begins to come to life when little Mr. Wilkes, meekest of Civil Servants, indulges in the heckling of these articulate persons.

Every Sunday Mr. Wilkes makes his way to this particular wide open space in Hyde Park, and every Sunday he has a fine time with his witty impromptus and his disconcerting questions. Every Sunday, that is, until he meets Mrs. Figg, who cheerfully addresses him as Satan, and carts him home to tea in her frowsty but respectable house. From that moment Mr. Wilkes is lost as a launcher of telling shafts, as a Civil Servant and as an independent being. He follows in Mrs. Figg's train.

Mr. Watney has a good time with his collection of individuals, and for the greater part of the book the reader has a good time too, but it is uneven.

Miss Mary Mitchell's new novel is so utterly different from anything of hers that I have read before, that I had to turn back to the list of titles to convince myself that it was indeed the author of *A Warning to Wantons* who had written this admirable story about Livingstone, Stanley and the explorer's friend, Kirk, who was British Vice-Consul at Zanzibar. BLACK CRUSADE (Methuen. 8s. 6d.) is chiefly concerned with Kirk's life, and is all the more interesting for this, since he is the member of the trio about whom we have least information.

THE HEART OF THE STREET (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.) is a young and sensitive novel. The story is set in a little harbour town, and the street of the title slopes down to the quay itself. In the town live two boys who are friends through their childhood, but develop so differently that their careers seem to have only the starting-place in common. It is with the change and development in their characters that Mr. John Frederic Gibson is chiefly concerned, and this he manages with sincerity and some deftness.

It is a real pleasure to read a new novel by Miss Sylvia Thompson despite the plethora of brackets adorning the text, of which I don't recall the like since the days of the Edwardians.

Yet THE PEOPLE OPPOSITE (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is a thoroughly enjoyable novel: warmly human, well-planned and altogether satisfactory.

Once you've read the first page of FALSE BOUNTY (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) you'll be interested enough to go right on, and that the only reaching you will do will be for the light switch. For this is really an exciting detective-story, with all the facts, apparently known from the beginning, and yet all those facts essentially wrong. It is a good trick, and Mr. Ransome plays it handsomely.

THE CASE OF THE BLACK-EYED BLONDE (Cassell. 8s. 6d.) is a new Perry Mason mystery, so no Constant Reader will have to be told that it concerns the exploits of a particularly unconventional American lawyer, whose beautiful secretary is a great help to him in his work. Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner knows the basic formula for this kind of story both backwards and forwards.

There have been several thrillers to read this week, among them Mr. Nigel Morland's SHE DIDN'T LIKE DYING (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.). The victim in this case is a female announcer at the B.B.C., who while broadcasting to a vast audience is suddenly heard to falter, and then to announce that she is dying. The telephone calls pour in to Portland Place and the story of evil-doing begins to unfold. We may rely on Mr. Morland to do this kind of thing expertly and smoothly.

BURMESE DAYS (Secker and Warburg. 9s. 6d.) is a reprint of a novel of Mr. George Orwell's that gives a picture of pre-war Burma now apparently lost, and a realistic picture of the love of an unhappy and defaced man for a priggish English-woman.

THE MODERN PENOLOGISTS: Dr. Desmond Curran, the distinguished psychiatrist, Mr. J. C. Jolly, K.C., Mrs. M. Kewley (Joint Secretary), Mr. H. W. Franklin (Chairman), Mrs. D. M. Bates, M.B.E., Sir Leo Page (author of "Crime and the Community"), and Mr. D. M. Pettigrew (Joint Secretary) at a meeting of the fact-finding committee which has been set up by the Home Secretary to report on the prisoners and inmates of Borstal Institutions, approved schools, and remand homes, and to make recommendations for reforms

COLUMBUS, THE JEWISH CATALAN?

Salvador de Madariaga has won for himself a reputation both as statesman and author, and perhaps he tackled his hardest task most successfully when some ten years ago he wrote his life of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (now republished by Hollis and Carter at 18s.). This is not the last word upon the great adventurer; that can never be, for documents may yet come to light to fill in the unknown details of that career of high adventure, of idealistic questing and sordid searching after gain. The story of the discovery of America by Colon, or Columbus, as he is misnamed against his determined will, still has much the aspect of a jigsaw, and how he gained the ear of the Queen of Castille, who listened to his unlikely stories and his wild demands, must yet remain one of the great mysteries of history. Certain it is that "the upstart Genoese bookseller and map scribbler," despite his down-at-heel appearance, his cloak of many holes, did gain the Royal favour, and, with its aid, a deal more besides. He must indeed have had the grand manner. In this second edition Senor de Madariaga has been at pains to revise his text in the light of books and articles on Columbus published since 1939. He comments in particular on Vilhjalmar Stefansson's *Ultima Thule*, and, although a Latin, sides with the Nordic historian in affirming that Columbus did visit Iceland, and that he went there by way of Jan Mayen Island. Most "Latins" have been resolute in their denials, but they do not convince Senor de Madariaga, not the least of whose gifts as a biographer is his flair for fact-finding and his ability to assess the available evidence fair-mindedly. As for his theory of the Jewish-Catalan extraction of Columbus, which has since been attacked by Don Armando Pedroso and Professor Morison, of Harvard, the author admits one error in fact, but stoutly sticks to his guns, no doubt fully anticipating more broadsides from Havana and Boston.

The "I Lived in Russia" type of book has been pouring from the press for well-nigh thirty years, and here is one no different from the rest, save perhaps that the slant is inclined to be critical, more in keeping with the fashion of these witch-hunting days. In RUSSIAN CHILD AND RUSSIAN WIFE (Victor Gollancz. 15s.), Tanya Matthews tells us of her life in the Soviet Union. She grew up amid the birth-pangs of the Revolution, and this account of everyday life, while telling us nothing very new, makes simple actualities absorbing, even though the background is essentially drab. From the same publishing house comes Gustav Eckstein's EVERYDAY MIRACLE (Victor Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), a series of remarkable essays based on a lifetime of study in the animal kingdom. It is much more than a book for the zoologist; it is really a philosophy based on the belief that "Biologically it has always been one world."

One day the Abalone (Arizona) *Morning Tribune* came out on page 5 with the announcement of a circus to be held on a vacant field by the Santa Ana River so flamboyant in its phrasing, so extravagant in its promises, and so incredible in the nature of its performers that even the blase proof-reader of the *Tribune* decided that here was something screwy. When the people of Abalone saw the advertisement, proclaiming that 11,000 performers would take part in the spectacle, they flocked determinedly to the banks of the Santa Ana, their appetites already whetted by the unicorn, the great god Pan, the werewolf, and other unusual features of the procession through the town. Thus does Charles G. Finney lead us up the garden path in THE CIRCUS OF DOCTOR LAO (Grey Walls Press. 12s. 6d.), and for those who like to be thus led, like the widow Cassan and practically everybody else in Abalone, here is a fantasy that has its diverting moments; but anyone who tries to make head or tail of it is certainly wasting his time.

Esther Warner has written a most unusual travel book—NEW SONG IN A STRANGE LAND (Victor Gollancz. 16s.). It is based on her experiences in the negro republic of Liberia. She obviously enjoyed every minute of her long stay, and her book is a tribute to "the intrinsic fineness and the amazing culture of the native tribesmen."

SMATTERBOOKS (Naldrett Press. 6d. each) are produced under the general editorship of Charles Graves, their declared object being to present in a convenient form a collection of essential facts about a variety of subjects. They are a mine of information, but not a very deep mine and some may feel that, for sixpence, *Smatterbooks*, which are each of 32 pages, should be fatter books. The first twelve titles include the Bible, the Ballet, and the House of Lords.

For boys and girls aged between ten and sixteen the Junior Omnibus is packed with good things JUNIOR OMNIBUS III (Children's Digest Publications. 8s. 6d.) now makes its appearance, and in colour illustrations, articles and stories is well up to the standard of its predecessors.

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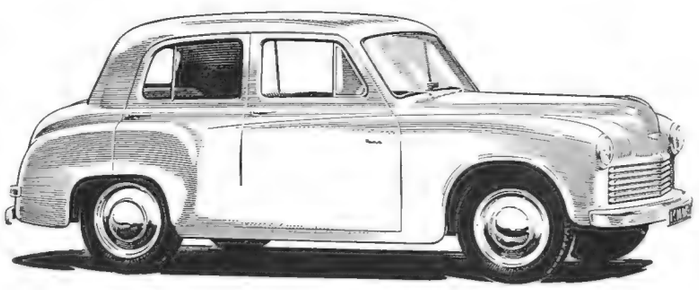

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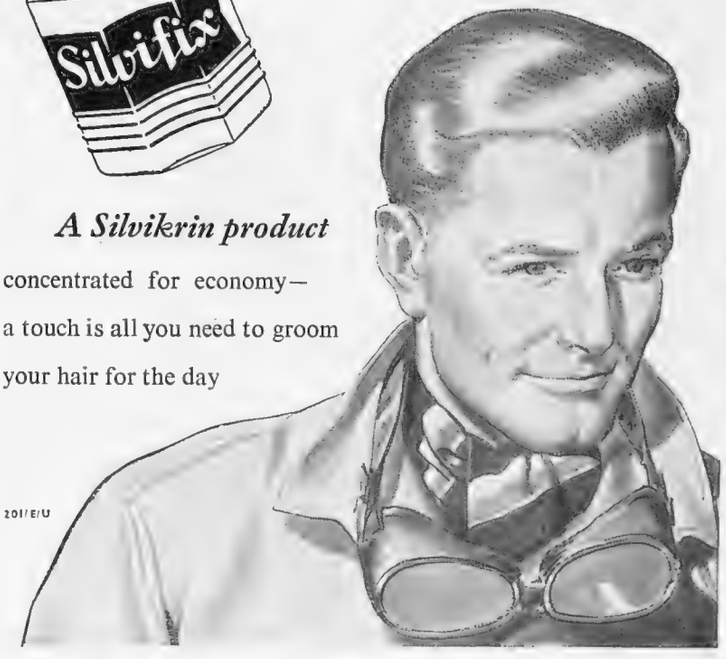

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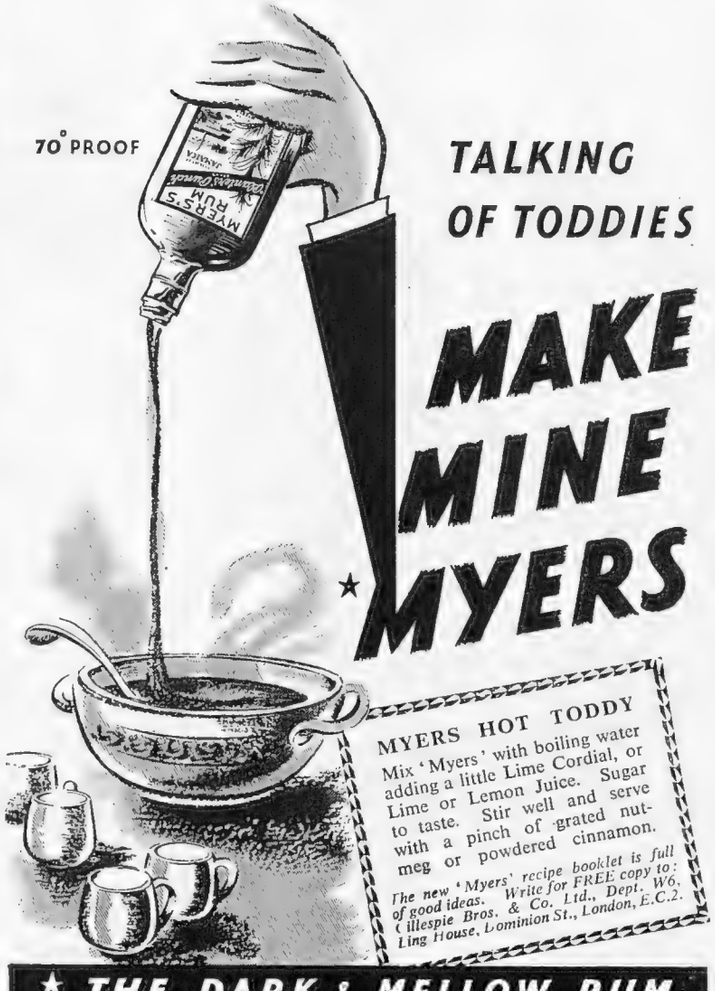

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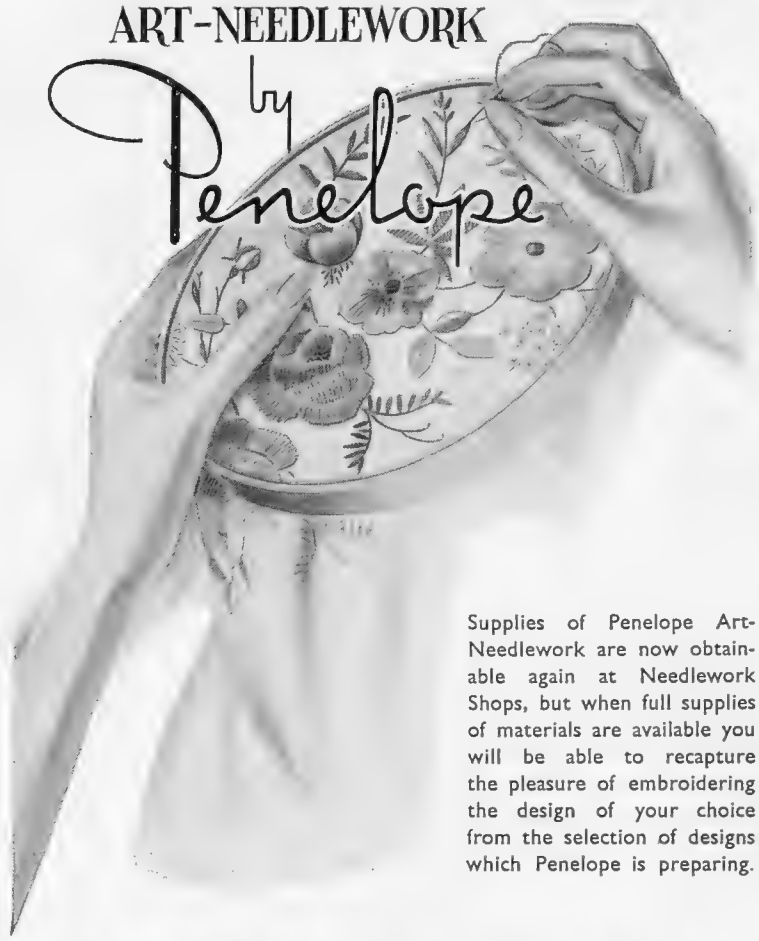

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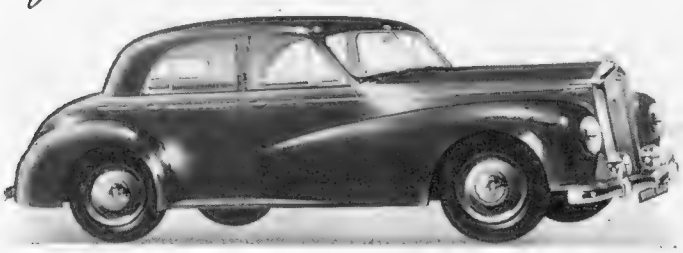

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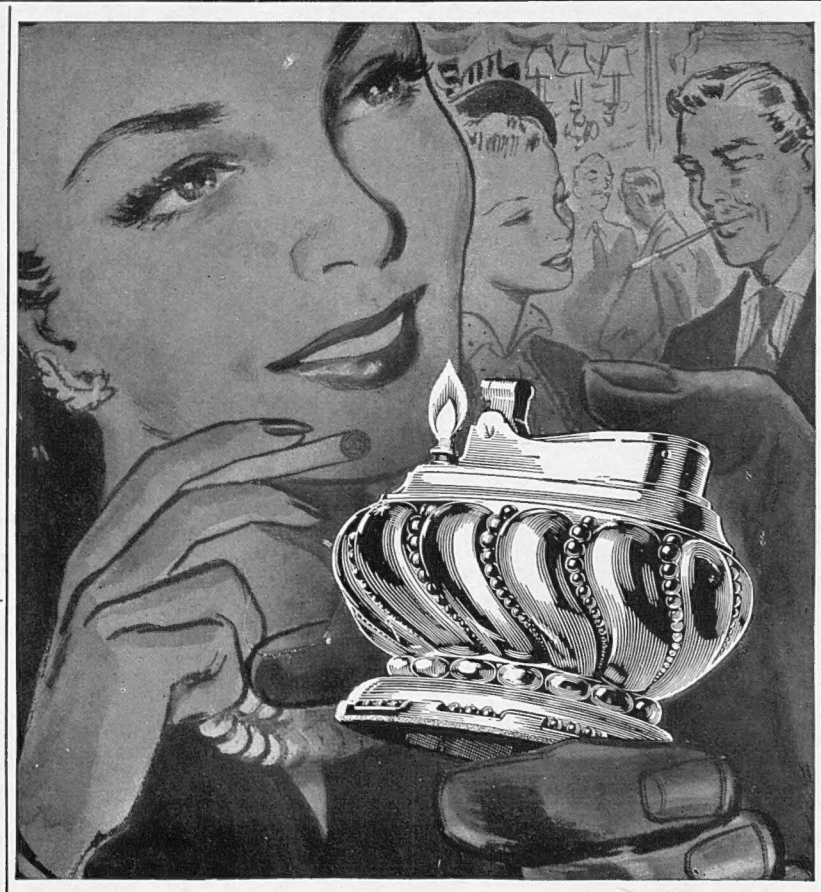

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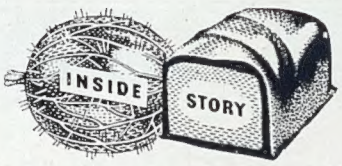

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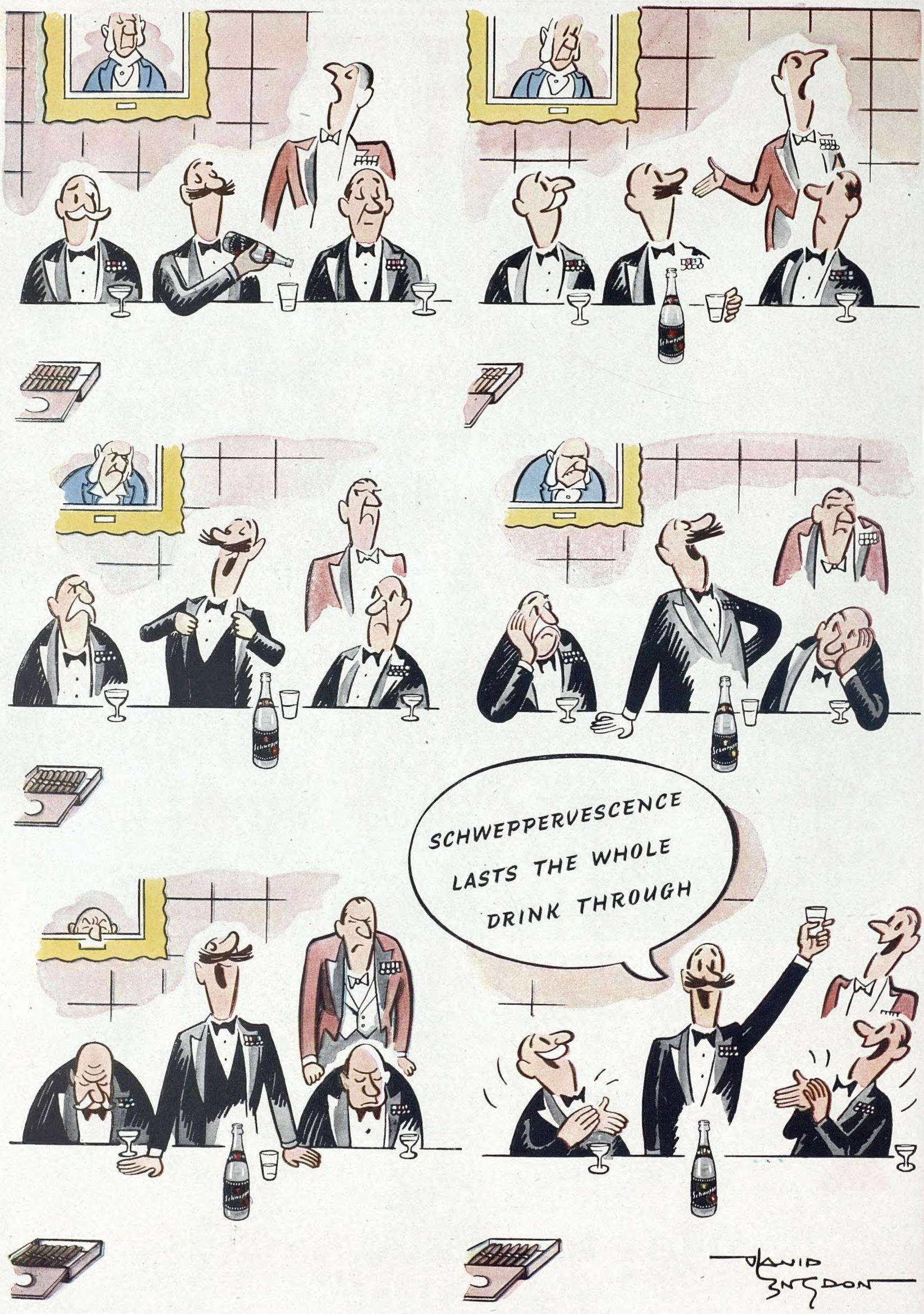

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